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CONTENTS.

I. SECRET PAPERS OF THE SECOND EMPIRE, .	<i>Edinburgh Review,</i> . . .	515
II. A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF. By Mrs. Oliphant. Part V., . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i> . . .	529
III. THE LIFE OF GEORGE ELIOT, . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> . . .	533
IV. THE NEW MANAGER. Part II., . . .	<i>Good Words,</i> . . .	546
V. COLERIDGE AS A SPIRITUAL THINKER, .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i> . . .	557
VI. LIFE IN A DRUSE VILLAGE. Part II., .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . .	566
VII. MY IRISH CORRESPONDENTS, . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i> . . .	575

POETRY.

ON AN OLD SONG,	514 "DEAR WIFE AND PERFECT FRIEND,"	514
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ON AN OLD SONG.

LITTLE snatch of ancient song
 What has made thee live so long?
 Flying on thy wings of rhyme
 Lightly down the depths of time,
 Telling nothing strange or rare,
 Scarce a thought or image there,
 Nothing but the old, old tale
 Of a hapless lover's wail;
 Offspring of some idle hour,
 Whence has come thy lasting power?
 By what turn of rhythm or phrase,
 By what subtle, careless grace,
 Can thy music charm our ears
 After full three hundred years?

Little song, since thou wert born
 In the Reformation morn,
 How much great has past away,
 Shattered or by slow decay!
 Stately piles in ruins crumbled,
 Lordly houses lost or humbled,
 Thrones and realms in darkness hurled,
 Noble flags forever furled,
 Wisest schemes by statesmen spun,
 Time has seen them one by one
 Like the leaves of autumn fall —
 A little song outlives them all.

There were mighty scholars then
 With the slow, laborious pen
 Piling up their works of learning,
 Men of solid, deep discerning,
 Widely famous as they taught
 Systems of connected thought,
 Destined for all future ages.
 Now the cobweb binds their pages,
 All unread their volumes lie
 Mouldering so peaceably,
 Confined thoughts of confined men;
 Never more to stir again
 In the passion and the strife,
 In the fleeting forms of life;
 All their force and meaning gone
 As the stream of thought flows on.

Art thou weary, little song,
 Flying through the world so long?
 Canst thou on thy fairy pinions
 Cleave the future's dark dominions?
 And with music soft and clear
 Charm the yet unfashioned ear,
 Mingling with the things unborn
 When perchance another morn
 Great as that which gave thee birth
 Dawns upon the changing earth?
 It may be so, for all around
 With a heavy crashing sound,
 Like the ice of polar seas
 Melting in the summer breeze,
 Signs of change are gathering fast,
 Nations breaking with their past.

The pulse of thought is beating quicker,
 The lamp of faith begins to flicker,
 The ancient reverence decays
 With forms and types of other days;

And old beliefs grow faint and few
 As knowledge moulds the world anew,
 And scatters far and wide the seeds
 Of other hopes and other creeds;
 And all in vain we seek to trace
 The fortunes of the coming race,
 Some with fear and some with hope,
 None can cast its horoscope.
 Vap'rous lamp or rising star,
 Many a light is seen afar,
 And dim shapeless figures loom
 All around us in the gloom —
 Forces that may rise and reign
 As the old ideals wane.

Landmarks of the human mind,
 One by one are left behind,
 And a subtle change is wrought
 In the mould and cast of thought.
 Modes of reasoning pass away,
 Types of beauty lose their sway,
 Creeds and causes that have made
 Many noble lives, must fade;
 And the words that thrilled of old
 Now seem hueless, dead, and cold;
 Fancy's rainbow tints are flying,
 Thoughts, like men, are slowly dying;
 All things perish, and the strongest
 Often do not last the longest;
 The stately ship is seen no more,
 The fragile skiff attains the shore;
 And while the great and wise decay,
 And all their trophies pass away,
 Some sudden thought, some careless rhyme,
 Still floats above the wrecks of time.

W. E. H. LECKY.

Macmillan's Magazine.

DEAR wife and perfect friend; my household
 queen,
 With watchful care making my home so
 dear,
 That all my work mere pastime doth ap-
 pear,
 If but thy fair face in my room be seen,
 And the soft voice's music intervene
 Like melody itself the brain to clear
 Of o'erspun tissue of thought's atmosphere
 By gracious fancies where God's hand hath
 been, —
 Man cannot rise, or so I think, to heights
 Where spirits pure as thine unconscious
 move,
 Till that white Purity's exceeding lights
 The grosser spirit's earthly strain reprove,
 And the best angel of Jehovah's fights
 Arm us anew with his whole armor — Love.
 Spectator. HERMAN C. MERIVALE.

From The Edinburgh Review.
SECRET PAPERS OF THE SECOND
EMPIRE.*

By a decree published in the *Journal Officiel* of the French Republic on September 7, 1870, the minister of the interior appointed a commission charged with the collection, classification, and publication of the papers and correspondence of the imperial family which had been seized at the Tuileries on the overthrow of the empire, three days before. The president of this commission was M. André Laver-tujon, who, on October 12, addressed a report to M. Jules Favre, then *interim* minister of the interior, indicating the progress made up to that date by the commission, and suggesting the appointment of M. Taxile Delord, Laurent-Pichat, and Ludovic Lalaune, to replace MM. de Kératry, Estancelin, and André Cochut, who had been called to the exercise of other functions, the first-named of the three being made prefect of police. This report, approved and countersigned by M. Jules Favre, states that on September 24, the first fasciculus of the papers in question had been published; that fasciculi, composed each of two octavo leaves, had succeeded nearly every other day; and that the contents of a volume of five hundred pages had been already passed through the press. Copies of each number, as they appeared, had been sent to the public prints; and not only had most of the documents been republished by them in entirety, but counterfeits had been circulated among the public, with which the commission had not regarded it as any part of their duty to interfere. The commission insist, in a brief preface, that the publication of these papers has an absolutely official and impersonal character, the work having been undertaken in the sole interest of the truth. The commission, according to the preface, did not judge — it simply drew up an inventory; it attempted no polemical work, but impartially prepared the materials of history. The documents, copied under the responsibility of the secretaries to the commission, were examined by the president, and

submitted to the control of the government of the national defence. After publication the original documents, carefully catalogued, were deposited in the national archives.

Such is the account, given with all the dry precision of an official report, of a publication of a more startling nature than often comes within the purview of the historian. Amid the portentous echoes of the time, when the ears of men were stunned by such tidings as those of the capitulation of Sedan, the collapse of the empire, the siege of Paris, and the death-struggle of France, it might well be the case that items of what might almost be called personal gossip, which in less tempestuous times would have rung through Europe, would appear dwarfed to undue proportions by the terrible news of each day. We are not prepared to say that any effort was made by those who were most compromised by the papers in question to collect and to destroy the published copies. But the rarity of the volume — only one other copy than the one before us having met our eyes, and that on the table of an ambassador — certainly tends to confirm that not unnatural supposition. At all events it will be, as the commission has said, "in the interest of truth" to adduce a few of the proofs thus unexpectedly furnished of what the second empire cost France.

It is difficult to approach an enquiry of the kind without a strong sense of the grim humor of the event. The ink will hardly run from the pen without leaving traces of a certain amount of malice, using the word in its French, and not in its English, sense. That those very documents which, by reason of their intimately private nature, should be entrusted to no minister, secretary, or archivist, but kept in the personal custody of the sovereign himself, should be thus collected, kept, and at last made public for the special service and delectation of King Mob, is a new incident of the drama of *la République dans les carrosses du Roi*.* The

* *Papiers et Correspondance de la Famille Impériale*. Paris: 1870.

* A similar incident had, however, twice before occurred in the course of the French Revolution, when the mob broke into the Tuileries, and pillaged the private papers of the sovereign. The documents found

scene in fiction — if it be fiction — which the event most closely resembles, is that of the hurried destruction of the most private papers of the Duc de Mora in the terrible eighteenth chapter of Alphonse Daudet's tale, "*Le Nabab*." No more characteristic instance of the mutability "of fate, and chance, and change in human life" has been inscribed on the pages of history since "the lofty grave tragedians" of Greece first showed how powerful a charm the tale of the reverses met by the most conspicuous actors on the world's stage exercises on the human mind. The rapacity of the solicitors that begirt the temporary throne; the more than questionable titles by which in many cases the imperial charity was drained; the mystery hanging over some entries; the broad, fierce, garish light in which others stand revealed; the magnitude of the sums derived by the Bonaparte family, its dependants, its tools, and its flatterers, from the taxpayers of France, during a term of eighteen years; the base servility of the applicants; the utter nakedness to which France was stripped by a horde of plunderers, as was shown in the time of her need, — these things are well adapted to overcome us with special wonder. It was in the court of Louis XIV. that the creed of the courtier was thus briefly formulated: —

Toujours prendre,
Jamais rendre,
Et encore prétendre.

The advice was followed by the ravenous pack of place-hunters under the empire — from the mock disinterestedness of those who vaunted that they only sought to serve the emperor or to save France, to the most barefaced and unblushing mendicancy — that surrounded the throne of the emperor Napoleon III.

The papers and correspondence of the imperial family form two volumes, one of four hundred and eighty, and the other of two hundred and eighty-eight pages.

in the celebrated *coffre de fer* of Louis XVI. were used against him on his trial, though in fact they contained nothing to support a capital accusation; and the documents found in the cabinet of Louis Philippe were published in the *Revue Retrospective* in 1848. But these papers contained absolutely nothing which was not creditable to the family of the fugitive king.

They commence with the brief announcement, as an excuse for failing to come to dinner with Barras: "Bonaparte est arrivé cette nuit," written by Josephine, who signs herself Lapagerie Bonaparte, to Botot, secretary to Barras, then director, at the Luxembourg, on December 5, 1797. Of this curious letter, containing the words, "Vous connaissez mieux que personne, mon cher Botot, ma position," a facsimile is given in the volume. The last entry is a despairing telegram, headed "*Maire à Guerre, Paris*" ("*Guerre*" being the minister for war), dated Sainte-Marie, September 3, 1870, 4.30 P.M., to the following effect: "In a few days Strasburg will be nothing but a heap of ruins. Schlestadt, which has just been invested, will doubtless share the same fate. Have we no one to come to the succor of our unhappy Alsace?" Later in actual time, though earlier in the book, comes a despatch from the director of the telegraph at Lyons to the director general at Paris, dated 1.50 P.M. on September 4:

I am compelled to transmit the following despatch: "French Republic, Commune of Lyons. The Provisional Committee of Public Safety of Lyons to the Municipal Council of Marseilles: Republic proclaimed at Lyons. Immediate organization of a Republican Government, and of necessary measures for the defence of the country." A commissary of the Provisional Committee is in permanence in my cabinet. Armed men guard the entry of the post. What are your orders?

In 1815 events marched almost as rapidly, though revolution then lacked the magic aid of the electric telegraph. But we now turn to the papers which relate more especially to the second empire.

The third document printed is a facsimile receipt, dated Elysée National, April 26, 1851, and signed "Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte," acknowledging a loan of five hundred thousand francs from Marshal Narvaez, then chief of the Spanish ministry; a loan repaid on June 2, 1852. This is followed by a series of notes, without either signature or date, but appearing from internal evidence to have been written between the months of July and August, 1852, on the characters of the pre-fects of the republic after the *coup d'état*

of December, 1851. These functionaries are divided into "prefects to dismiss" (those of whom the dismissal is urgent and indispensable being distinguished by an asterisk); "prefects to change;" "prefects whose situation does not for the moment require either dismissal or change, but with whom one or other measure will soon become proper," and "prefects who can be, for the present, maintained at their posts, some of them being advanced." The first quality which appears to be regarded by the reporter is that of "devotion," a word the use of which is enough to show that the speedy proclamation of the empire was in contemplation in July, 1852. The notes do not err either by circumlocution or by excess of courtesy. Thus of Ponsard (Loire) it is written: "Neither brilliant qualities nor prominent defects; has recently committed faults in his department which prove a want of political tact that compromises his situation in the Loire." First for character (such as it is) comes Foy (Ardennes). "Absolute devotion; character frank and loyal; good sense; active and laborious; thoroughly knows his department, where he is loved and esteemed." Another runs thus: "Féart (Gers). Sincere devotion, intelligent and active administrator; offends by excess of ardor, and by too much care of his personality." At the head of the prefects whom it is urgent to change comes "De Saulxure (Ardèche). Nature mediocre and vulgar; has created, by his maladresse and want of tact, a situation which it will be inconvenient for the government to prolong in the Ardèche." Intended, no doubt, for few eyes but those of the prince president, this cynical and measured document bears the heading "Ministry of General Police." The minister must have required perfect command of his features when politely receiving public officers whose fates were thus indicated, and whose characters were thus dissected and weighed, in a report that may have lain on his desk during the interview.

With unusual gallantry the commission has suppressed the name of a great lady who adopts the coaxing style of mendicancy.

Sire,—It is I again, but I come all in a tremble; for this time I am very frightened. Your Majesty will perhaps weary of his bounty, and send me roughly away. I beg him not to be angry, and to pardon me if I am really tiresome.

I have learned that there are several places of chamberlain vacant at this moment; and as this position was occupied by my grandfather, the Count de —, under the Emperor Napoleon I., I have always hoped to obtain one day of your Majesty this great favor for my husband, who is so ardent in his desire and ambition to obtain it. Sire, pray grant me this favor! My husband is not too young; he is thirty-three, and the livery of your *servants* would become him so, Sire. It is so easy for you, Sire, to make people happy, and you know how a charge of this kind flatters a whole family. Sire, do not refuse me—at once, at all events. I have such an ardent desire to succeed. Pardon me, I conjure you, and give your poor little subject a pretty word of consent. I lay at the feet of your Majesty my tender and respectful homage.

It is not only from poor little subjects of the gentler sex that the cry, "Give, give," echoes through the imperial correspondence. Not that the ladies had by any means less than their fair share of the bounty. A "note of the sums paid by the emperor to Miss Howard" (created Comtesse de Beauregard), between March 24, 1853, and January 1, 1855, amounts to five million, four hundred and forty-nine thousand francs. On July 24 following, however, we find a letter from this lady to an unnamed friend (probably Mocquard), which she begs him to burn, complaining of the non-fulfilment of engagements towards her, and apparently wanting two million five hundred thousand francs more. "You know," she says, "my position. I pray God that there may be no more question of money between me and him who has quite another kind of interest in my heart." A brief *note sans date* runs: "There has been sent into Spain to Madame the Comtesse de Montijo, by the means of M.M. de Rothschild, (1) on February 4, six hundred thousand francs; (2) on April 2, eighty-nine thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine francs; (3) on May 27 (Mocquard), six hundred and sixty-eight thousand four hundred and twenty-

one francs. The empress had regularly one hundred thousand francs per month."

After official figures which the Civil List Commission has furnished us [say the Commission for the publication of the correspondence] the balance-sheet of the Imperial munificence may be thus stated for the whole reign:—

	fr.	c.
Allocations, subventions, and pensions	19,857,374	72
Gifts, succors, and indemnities	28,881,295	55
Encouragement to art, science, literature	2,566,941	53

To this total of a little over two millions sterling have to be added

various allocations on the privy purse, a special fund which the Emperor reserved for his personal use. Under this head was annually distributed about a million of francs by the hands of M. Ch. Thélin, keeper of the privy purse. Account should also be taken of certain expenses met, at least in 1863, under the Minister Persigny, by the Department of the Interior, of which we have found some traces in the papers submitted to our examination, under the title of "Political Fund." At 300,000 francs a year for this, we obtain a total of about three millions, and adding the different items together we arrive at a general total of 74,306,211 francs 80 centimes, or, remaining within the limits of the Civil List, seventy or seventy-one millions; a sum equal to that which we have previously attributed, on vouchers, to the Imperial family.

As to this we are told in a "note on the expenses of the Civil List of Napoleon III. from 1853 to 1870:—"

It is easy to form a rough estimate of the money pocketed, since 1852, by the Bonaparte family. It is enough to add to the dotations paid for some of its members the regular allocations of which the Commission has already published the table, of which the annual total varies from 1,200,000 to 1,400,000 francs. This subvention commenced on December 25, 1852, and only closed with the Empire. Account must also be taken of a capital of 5,200,000 francs, distributed by decree of April 1, 1852, to a certain number of favored relatives. Without speaking of gratifications, debts paid, and other liberalities, of which the detail will follow, the general account of the Imperial family is as follows, according to the official tables of the Civil List:—

	fr.
Dotations (1860-1870)	16,849,999
Dotations of the Palais Royal and of Meudon (1857-1870)	4,953,639
Allocations (1853-1870)	30,033,531
Divers expenses	1,758,116
General total	53,595,285

If we add to this sum the capital given, 5,200,000 fr., we find more than fifty-eight millions absorbed, without any utility for the country, by the family of those who have led us to Leipsig, to Waterloo, and to Sedan.

Fifty-eight millions of francs, however, respectable an item as it may be considered, is far from exhausting the debit side of the account opened with France for the "Imperial family" on December 2, 1852. The fixed and regular resources of which the head of that family disposed, from that date to September 4, 1870, comprised (1) the dotations of the Civil List, twenty-five million francs; (2) the dotations of the imperial family, one million five hundred thousand francs; (3) dotations of the Palais Royal and of Meudon, three hundred and fifty thousand francs; (4) dotations, movable and fixed, of the crown, from four to eight million francs. On the average the receipts of the Civil List constantly exceeded the sum of thirty-two million francs *annually*, which hardly covered the expenses of the court and of the great officers of the crown.

The final "recapitulation" arrived at by the commission runs thus:—

So, without keeping count of certain hundreds of thousands of francs annually pocketed for an unknown number of years, the balance-sheet of the Bonaparte family is as follows:—

	fr.
Jérôme Bonaparte (4 persons)	37,078,364
Baciocchi family (1 person)	6,244,626
Lucien Bonaparte (22 persons)	12,762,500
Murat family (12 persons)	13,577,933
Mmes. B. Centamori and Bartholini (2 persons)	524,375

General total 70,187,796

This sum, amounting to upwards of two million, eight hundred thousand pounds sterling, was paid by the French nation to the Bonaparte family, without any utility to France, on the ground of relationship to the chief of the State.

Compared with the mendicants and flatterers by whom he was surrounded, the irresponsible distributor of this golden shower looks almost respectable by force of contrast. We have touched on the delicate question of bounty to feminine claimants. The volume before us gives proof that the number of these was by no means very restricted, although particulars of the payments are rarely on record. Two letters signed Marguerite Bellanger indicate a *lacuna* of this kind of no inconsiderable extent. And if the statement be correct that certain portions of the landed estates of the crown were alienated in the direc-

tion indicated, it is obvious that large donations may have escaped the notice of the commission. An alphabetical list, filling sixty octavo pages of small print, is printed by the commission "as the fruit of long and minute study."

It is not [the authors add] a complete list of the pensioners of the Empire. Who could hope to draw up such a list? We find in it by no means all the high dignitaries and great officers—the public knows them well enough—nor the multitude of small suppliants whom the necessities of life have brought under the Caudine Forks of the Imperial charity. We have only been able to present specimens of each category to which the liberalities of the Civil List have applied: avowed complicities; services rendered to the person, the ideas, the relatives, or the friends of the prince; solicitations supported by military, clerical, or domestic influences; lastly, aid to merit or to misfortune. It is remarkable how small are the last, without, however, being few. Among so many benefactions there are few which do not hide, or rather betray, some *arrière-pensée*. This will be readily seen by a glance at the biographical and anecdotic remarks which accompany most of the names cited in these pages.

We hope to be pardoned for having transgressed the bounds of the Civil List in order to trace the secrets of the Presidency and the vicissitudes of that adventurous life which led Louis-Napoleon from Strasburg and Boulogne to the Tuileries and to Wilhelmshöhe. Only thus can we show the origin of certain fortunes and of certain devotions. By the way, too, we have perhaps illuminated some obscure points, so much the more interesting to those who wish to know thoroughly the man, as to his habits, his friends, and his family, avowed or clandestine. We have thought it right to profit by the vouchers which fell into our hands, and have thus brought under contribution the private accounts of Louis-Napoleon from 1844 to 1848, following the variations of his private fortune before and during his captivity, and finding even the price of the workman's clothes in which he escaped from Ham.

These were not costly—a blouse, a shirt, a pair of pantaloons, a cap, an apron, a necktie, and a handkerchief, costing all together exactly a sovereign.

The services rendered to the adventurer in the early part of his career seem to have been paid for with no niggard hand. The first receipt from Miss Howard for one million francs on March 25, 1853, is in discharge of all her rights and interest in the domain of Civita Nuova in the March of Ancona. On this property, in 1850, a sum of three hundred and twenty-four thousand francs was lent to Louis Napoleon by the Marquis Pallavicino, which was repaid in 1852, with interest, through the hands of the Duke of Galliera.

This million, however, is only one out of nearly six given to the same individual. The Comtesse Emile Campana accepted on July 29, 1851, a bill drawn by the president of the French republic for thirty-three thousand francs. By 1870 she had received "approximately four hundred thousand francs." Miss Mary Gwynne received between 1846 and 1868 at least one hundred and thirty-two thousand francs by way of pension, besides twenty-five thousand francs as an "establishment" on her marriage in 1852, and twelve thousand five hundred francs by way of "succor" in 1868. An unknown lady, under the initial T., received in 1857 the sums of ninety thousand francs, thirty thousand francs, and eighty thousand francs. Alexandrine Vergeot figures as recipient of numerous sums of varying amount, finishing with twenty-five thousand francs in August, 1852. These are only some of the most salient figures on the face of the alphabetical abstract. The list is of enormous length, and contains some names we are surprised to find there, with singular details as to the nature of the claims on the imperial purse. In 1866 the emperor appears to have had nearly a million sterling in money and securities deposited with Messrs. Baring. This, however, was the nominal value of the securities, which was contested by M. Piétri. At page 152 we find Messrs. Barings' list of the investments.

The demands on the bounty thus freely distributed can be compared to nothing so aptly as to the consentaneous howl with which the great array of professional beggars, at Pozzuoli, at Pisa, or at any great centre of Continental mendicancy, are wont to set off in pursuit of a newly arrived visitor. "I drown, at this moment, for want of four banknotes of one thousand francs," writes Albéric Second to M. Conti. "Ah! if you could only make my cry of anguish reach the ear of the emperor!" However, the result is highly gratifying from the point of view of *messieurs les mendiants*. This is the acknowledgment of the imperial munificence:—

Dear Sir,—The Emperor has deigned to hear and to attend to my cry of distress. Make, I beg you, my cry of joy and gratitude reach his Majesty, and believe in the sentiments of high consideration of your devoted servant, Albéric Second.

From the cry of distress, pure and simple, we pass to the cry of importunity. M. Pierre Bonaparte, as M. Conti calls

him — "the Prince Pierre-Napoléon Bonaparte," as he styles himself — received from the bounty of his cousin, between April 1, 1852, and the close of 1863, the respectable sum of two million, two hundred and seventy-three thousand francs. From the commencement of 1864 his monthly allowance was reduced from twenty-five hundred to two thousand francs. In 1867 it appears that the emperor expressed his disapproval of the intention of Pierre Bonaparte to legitimize certain natural children by marrying their mother. Having failed at the same time to become a representative for Corsica, M. Pierre Bonaparte writes thus :

Deprived of all credit, of all participation in affairs, of all chance of improving my condition, I hope for the assistance of your Majesty. If, Sire, you would buy my property in Corsica, I could complete my modest establishment in the Ardennes. This Corsican estate would be admirably situated for the establishment of a model farm, a police barrack, or any other administrative foundation. I must sell it, and I do not expect to get much for it, unless your Majesty agrees to my proposal. It would be a benefit that I should never forget. Of your Majesty, Sire, the devoted cousin, Pierre-Napoléon Bonaparte.

The reply, drafted by M. Conti, states that it is impossible to grant M. Pierre Bonaparte's new demands, that the Corsican property would be useless to the emperor and only an expense, and that the budget is too heavily charged to allow of such a sacrifice. On this the claimant invokes the aid of the Church, and begs the emperor to receive the Archbishop of Paris, whom he has acquainted with "his situation."

Later in publication, although earlier in point of time, are three letters from this same irrepressible member of the Lucien-Bonaparte branch of the imperial family, who, besides an annual subvention of one hundred thousand francs, is credited with a monthly allowance of five thousand francs from 1856 to 1859. In the latter year, doubtless for reasons, this monthly allowance is reduced to twenty-five hundred francs. In June, 1861, Pierre Bonaparte writes to the emperor : —

Your Majesty having left Paris without granting me the audience which I solicited, I take the respectful liberty of writing in all confidence. Your Majesty has kindly allowed me 2,500 francs more per month as long as I stay in Corsica. This addition, half of that which your Majesty granted me at first, does not allow me to live on the footing which I have adopted. I am not now again asking

your Majesty to give me 5,000 francs per month. I have suffered too much from the malignant fevers of Corsica to think of returning there during the *malaria*, that is to say, before the end of October. But the need of activity, which is an imperious law of my nature, will call me next month into the Ardennes, where I have rented some hunting-grounds. I must house myself there, well or ill, to avoid expense ; but if your Majesty will kindly give me, in the Ardennes, the 2,500 francs additional which you gave me in Corsica, it will allow me a different kind of establishment.

I shall be very grateful to your Majesty ; and I do not hesitate, Sire, to present this request to you, because you ought to be persuaded that, if you please to put an end to my inaction, I shall be happy to consecrate to your glorious enterprises all that remains to me of aptitude and energy.

It is mournful to find that this seducing appeal — the writer was then in his forty-sixth year — only elicited the reply, written in pencil on the margin : "Mocquard, refuse *politely*."

"The Prince Achille Murat" received by gift of April 1, 1852, the sum of two hundred thousand francs, payable by instalments of ten thousand francs each with interest at five per cent. He also received an annual subvention of twenty-four thousand francs. In 1864 his debts, amounting to upwards of eighty-three thousand francs, were paid for him, and Madame Achille Murat received in 1852 a *don* of two hundred thousand francs. In September, 1869, this personage, who, at the same date in the following year, had received in all the sum of nine hundred and thirty-six thousand eight hundred and seventy francs out of the five and a quarter millions of francs "absorbed by the Lucien-Murat family," thus represents his hard case : —

After eight months spent in the Caucasus, Sire, I have returned to join in Africa the new regiment in which, at my brother's request, your Majesty has deigned to place me, persuaded that the arrangements made during my absence would permit me to resume my service, and thus to efface by my conduct, in the opinion of your Majesty, my past faults. Sire, nothing or almost nothing is changed in my sad situation. To the present time the funds employed have hardly been enough to extinguish the debts contracted on promises to pay, in which the honor of my name was engaged, so that all the annoyance, all the scandal, with which I was menaced before my departure, menace me still. In Africa, as at Paris, my presence will awaken the animosity of my creditors. I shall be followed, hunted, arrested, exposed to daily claims, incessant and threatening, which ill-will will not fail to stir

up; and your Majesty is too just to wish that, under such conditions, I should rejoin my regiment, in which the disrepute by which I should be surrounded would deprive me of the esteem of my comrades, and render my existence and my service in the midst of them completely impossible.

Monsieur Achille concludes by asking for an audience to submit to his Majesty his *véritable* condition. It is painful to find a pencil note, in the handwriting of the emperor, traced on the margin of this appeal: "Refuse. The emperor will not mix himself up with his affairs."

A munificence (however vicarious) that descended so freely on the somewhat numerous objects of a tender, if a discursive, affection, and that was so readily awakened by the claims of relationship, however distant, was naturally extended to a large class of friends, whom the commissioners for the arrangement of the imperial correspondence call by the rude name of accomplices. As to this, however, it is obvious that the papers collected indicate but a very small part of the benefits reaped by this special category of claimants. Morny, Magnan, Maupas, Fialin, and Fleury, as M. de Kisselef informed Lord Malmesbury,* were the confidants of the *coup d'état* in 1821. Of the first, whose influence and great wealth became notorious, few traces are found in the papers of the Tuileries. There is, however, a letter from M. Jecker to M. Conti, chief of the emperor's Cabinet, dated December 8, 1869, which throws some light on M. de Morny's command and use of a more rapid road to wealth than by the solicitation of "gratifications" or of pensions.

You are no doubt ignorant [writes the banker] that I had as partner in this affair [the claims on the Mexican Government, "*mon affaire des bons*"] M. le Duc de Morny, who engaged, in consideration of 30 per cent. of the profits of the affair, to compel acknowledgement and payment by the Mexican Government, as at first. There is a voluminous correspondence on the subject with his agent, M. de Marpon. . . . As soon as this arrangement was concluded, I was perfectly supported by the French Government and its legation in Mexico. . . . Under the empire of Maximilian, and at the instance of the French Government, the settlement of my business was taken in hand. . . . At the same time M. le Duc de Morny died, so that the dazzling protection which the French Government had granted me ceased completely.

M. Conti, indeed, wrote to the commission to say that on the receipt of this letter he

had ordered M. Jecker out of his room; but the commissioners reply that, as the banker had then lost his chief support, not to say his most powerful accomplice, it does not follow that the facts averred by M. Jecker are imaginary. We related the fate of poor Jecker, who was shot by the Commune, in a recent number of this journal.

Of Magnan we do not find in the papers before us traces at all proportionate to the part he played in the conspiracy. But the bâton of a marshal of France is no trifling guerdon, and neither military nor diplomatic appointments are included in the analysis given in the "note on the expenses of the Civil List of Napoleon III." A remarkable note, signed L. Magnan, informs M. Piétri that on the death of the marshal his debts amounted to eight hundred and thirty-five thousand francs, towards which funds were forthcoming, from specified sources, to the amount of six hundred and eighty-five thousand francs, while, "as you see, we remain in face of a difference of one hundred and fifty thousand francs, for which we do not fear to solicit the intervention of his Majesty." As a testimony to the military claims of Magnan on his country, we find, in a "private report," the uncomplimentary note: "Some of the marshals are abhorred by the soldiers: Castellane, Pélissier, Magnan."

The name of Maupas we have only found in this part of the correspondence in a report of M. Rouher, in which the former is qualified as an ex-minister, not worthy of the attention of the emperor in a contemplated creation of senators. The memoirs of this person are before us, showing how wise, good, and disinterested he always was. They form an admirable pendant to the memoirs of M. Claude, chief of the private police, the weak point of each (beyond their mutual contradictions) being our hesitation as to accepting, on any point, the unconfirmed word of either writer.

Of Fialin, afterwards dignified by the style of Comte, and later of Duc, de Persigny, the notices are many. It is equally certain that they are not exhaustive. There is no reference to his ministerial appointments, with a palace in Paris and a large salary, or as ambassador to England. In the alphabetical list contained in the note on the civil list, the payments made directly to this active Bonapartist amount to only four hundred and forty-two thousand five hundred francs. But "we find among the papers of M. Bure a

* Memoirs, vol. I., p. 394.

pencil note, which is suggestive. It runs thus: 'Secret offer to Persigny of one hundred thousand francs, for the authorization by the prince of the enterprise of the docks for the Rouen Railway.' The word "prince" shows that this kind of traffic, of which M. Jecker gives so flagrant an instance in 1869, was in full operation under the presidency of Louis Bonaparte. And it throws a sudden and fitful gleam of light on a remarkable anomaly, namely, that while only from ten thousand francs to fifteen thousand francs per month is allowed in the accounts of the *cassette particulière de l'empereur* for current expenses, of which the items are not otherwise specified, evidence is given further on that, in about fourteen years of imperial rule, Louis Napoleon had been able to invest in diamonds and in various specified stocks no less a sum than 933,000*l.*, a sum which, in this instance alone, is noted in English currency. It must be said, however, for M. de Persigny, that with all his faults he was the most faithful and devoted friend of the emperor, and that he died poor.

To pursue the fortunes of the select band of friends most devoted to the empire:—

Fleury [says the note on the expenses of the Civil List] (commandant, then general), orderly officer of the President, first equerry, then grand equerry, and director of the stud, finally ambassador to Russia, has disposed of enormous sums. The minimum of his regular budget may be valued at the sum of 1,200,000 francs. In July, 1850, Baring is ordered to pay him, in London, 45,000 francs. On April 9, 1852, Fleury received 48,000 francs for the establishment of the stables. This sum and many others do not form part of an allocation of 400,000 francs for the same object.

In 1869 it appears that the supervision of the press is in the hands of Fleury. His *attaché*, M. de Verdière, writes on January 21, 1870: "Our poor emperor gives hardly a sign of life. Perhaps he fears to displease his new ministers, or else he is simply the cold man whom we ought to know."

A perennial munificence, which no avowed sources of income are at all adequate to maintain, did not exclude the exercise of special displays of bounty on certain occasions. The twenty-fifth of the papers published by the commission, under the title "Cost of a Christening," gives an account of the expenditure on the occasion of the birth and baptism of the prince imperial. Medals in diamonds

head the list, at a cost of twenty-five thousand francs. Doctors and *sages femmes* received sixty-eight thousand francs. The *layette* cost one hundred thousand francs. The several societies of dramatic authors and composers, men of letters, dramatic artists, musicians, painters and sculptors, industrial inventors, and medical men of the department of the Seine, received ten thousand francs each. Ninety-three thousand francs were given to the benevolent *bureaux* of the department of the Seine, and of the communes in which lay the estates of the crown. The "agents of the interior service" of the empress, received gratifications equal to four months' wages, amounting to eleven thousand francs. Forty-four thousand francs were allotted to giving *gratis* performances at the theatres on March 18, 1856. The parents of children born on the 16th of that month shared among them fifty thousand francs. For medals to be given to authors and composers of verses and *cantate* addressed to their Majesties, and to the pupils at the Lycées, eighty-five thousand francs were allowed. The relatives of the godchildren of their Majesties received twenty thousand francs. The service of the stables, for the baptismal *cortège*, is set down at one hundred and seventy-two thousand francs; and one hundred and sixty thousand francs were distributed in gratifications to the hired servants of their Majesties' household. The total comes to the modest sum of eight hundred and ninety-eight thousand francs.

To support a *régime* so beneficent to those who had introduced it into France, an organization existed as to which, apart from any reference to morality or to permanent policy, it would be hard to speak too highly. We catch, indeed, but one or two glimpses of this system, but they are enough to reveal the magnitude, as well as the symmetry, of certain distinct departments of the organic whole. There can be little doubt that the method was inherited from the first Napoleon, who to his almost unrivalled military genius is known to have added the talent of wide-reaching and yet detailed organization. The portions of the imperial method which come most fully into relief, from the important documents printed by the commission, are those which regard the application of systematic pressure to the formation, or at all events to the expression, of public opinion. Under this head rank two distinct agencies, the intimate relation of each of which to the other and

to the whole imperial *régime* becomes most apparent when regarded in this light. Of these one is the *cabinet noir*, or organized bureau for extracting the secrets of private correspondence. The existence of any such machinery was always denied by the imperial government. It is a remarkable instance of that genius for plot which may be regarded as one of the chief characteristics of the *régime*, that this infamous service was so organized as to be unknown to the directors of the post-office. The evidence now adduced consists of a note from M. de Persigny to the emperor, enclosing a detailed report, both without date, but containing annotations in the emperor's writing. Five letter-carriers and four *concierges*, who are all named, were bribed by M. Saintomer, the director of the secret police of the ministry of the interior. The letter-carriers entering, in the ordinary discharge of their duties, into the lodges of the porters, either received letters committed to their charge, or delivered those sent to their address after examination. The letters received from the *concierges* were usually sent by carriages to M. Saintomer, 18 Rue Las Cases, where they were opened, copied, and reclosed for ordinary delivery. The operations were rarely suspected. The extent and audacity of the surveillance thus effected were such that "during the sojourn of the emperor at Plombières and at Biarritz the correspondence received by Madame de Castiglione was opened and read by the agents of the minister of the interior," as well as that of M. Hyrvoix, of M. Fould, and of Madame de Montebello. Agent spied agent, and the reports of all were centralized in the hands of the emperor.

The other agency referred to is what is termed, in so many words, "the organization of the press." Of this we have, as is not unnatural, much fuller information than of the *cabinet noir*. The minister of the interior was provided with an *état de la situation de la presse*, which recalls, by its order and detail, those *états* of the state of the army which formed so constant a study for Napoleon I. In March, 1868, a *note sur le rôle de la presse dans les élections* was drawn up by M. F. Girardeau. It points out that down to that time the ministry of the interior had been in the habit of treating as enemies of the empire all candidates who were not patronized by the administration. This tactical error had led to the formation of a "liberal union," which gradually attracted the support of all equivocal candidates, of

whom many would have accepted, and some had even solicited, official support. The error committed by the government lay here. The attention of the government ought to be specially directed to these equivocal candidates, since it is by them that the "second turn" is arrived at, and it is by this second vote that the elections are actually determined. To meet this condition, M. Girardeau suggests the formation by the press, without the intervention of the government, of a "dynastic union." The administration would present, as usual, a list of official candidates, who would be openly supported by the five avowed government journals. Eleven other Parisian journals, forming the "dynastic union," are each to bring forward a candidate whose election would be regarded as a personal success, and who would each sign a declaration of "dynastic faith." That one essential point assured, the whole gamut of constitutional opposition would be harmonized, and a friendly centre would be formed in the Chamber. Thus, instead of consolidating an opposition out of all those who were not devoted servants of the empire, there would be assured a general body of supporters of the government, including all who were not radically hostile to its existence. For the mass of the public, for the provinces, for foreign countries, the single fact would be evident: "the avowed enemies of the dynasty are beaten — the friends of the dynasty are elected."

As to the mode in which the organization of the press was effected, we find a remarkable note, drawn up by one of the *chefs du bureau* of the ministry of the interior, *division de la presse*, under date April 5, 1869. It includes a report from the *chef du bureau* of the departmental press, in which, department by department, the reports of the prefects on the newspapers are summarized, and the sums demanded for subsidizing the indicated journals are set down. The total general demanded is only one hundred thousand francs. But this sum is without prejudice to the secret-service money dispensed by the prefecture of police, in which, out of a sum of two million francs, two hundred and ninety-seven thousand five hundred and forty francs is allotted to the "service of the press." It is also exclusive of the large sums paid, from the *cassette particulière* of the emperor, and from other sources, for the support of particular journals. Thus we find a list of receipts from *le journal, Le Peuple Français*, from March 1, 1869, to July 30, 1870, amounting

to fourteen thousand seven hundred and twenty-one francs. In May, 1870, M. Granier de Cassagnac (whom we find, in another note addressed to M. Conti, asking for seven hundred and fifty francs per month during the session for *Le Pays*) received sixteen thousand francs as a second payment on account of a sum of one hundred and sixty thousand francs. Besides *Le Peuple*, *Le dix Décembre* and *L'Epoque* appear to have been supported, in part or altogether, by the emperor. Thus of the cost really incurred in the manufacture of public opinion we obtain only imperfect and tantalizing glances. We are struck, in some cases, with the modesty of the sums required. Thus, in the department Puy-de-Dôme, "the prefect requires for the organization of the press in the arrondissement of Thiers five hundred francs." In the Hérault "the prefect requires five hundred francs for a cheap editor." But in the Bas-Rhin we find mention of "the supplementary subvention of thirty thousand francs." "We are assured," says the note cited, of "the reorganization in the departments of twenty-seven journals, and of the addition to their staffs of thirty-three writers sent from Paris." "Four orders of measures, varying according to circumstances," have been adopted by the *bureau de la presse*.

(1) Subventions destined to assure either the existence or the devotion of journals; (2) subventions destined to increase their publicity, that is to say, by sending gratuitous numbers during the course of the elections to counter-balance the same system which the Opposition has adopted in a large proportion; (3) subventions destined to strengthen the editing by means of the addition of new writers; (4) choice and despatch of writers, whether at the expense of the candidates or at that of the proprietors of the journals. This system, which meets the exigencies of the situation as intimated by the prefects, has already received a commencement of application proportionate to the resources of which the service can dispose.

The action of the administration, however, would be incomplete if limited only to the "devoted" journals. It was regarded as necessary to assure an indirect influence on the opposition papers. The means of attaining this end are of two kinds. One is to make sure of a practical proportion of aid among the correspondents of the papers; the other is to make use of the species of monopoly which the Havas establishment has acquired for telegraphic despatch, which it conducts in all the departments, and for the journals of every shade of opinion.

On the first point, besides the Pharaon Correspondence, an arrangement has been concluded with the Cahot Correspondence, which serves twenty-seven journals, for the most part of the *tiers parti*. M. Cahot will come daily, during the period of the elections, to take instructions at the Ministry. He has undertaken to introduce into his articles for the journals as much as is compatible with their political line, without discovering his relations with the Government.

The Havas Correspondence has always been in daily relations with the Ministry. Whenever a contradiction, or a rectification, or a useful bit of news ought to be put in circulation without loss of time, this agency condenses it into telegraphic form and spreads it throughout France. We have agreed that this service shall be rendered more active, and that it shall be the medium of all communications which it is not fit to make directly. The primary importance of this mode of rapid publicity may be judged of from the fact that M. Havas serves 307 journals.

Lastly, whenever it is judged necessary, notes or correspondence will appear in the Belgian journal *Le Nord*. It is unnecessary here to mention the other relations established with the German and the English journals, whose interest during the period about to arrive is of a pecuniary nature. These relations comprehend twenty journals, most of them of the first importance.

In a report on the *cabinet noir*, to which we have before referred, it is incidentally stated that the Paris correspondence of the *Times* is inspired by the minister of the interior, and that, in consequence of the refusal of M. Péreire to give to M. Collet-Meygret, then "director of public safety," five hundred shares in the new Paris Gas Company at par, at a time when they were quoted at six hundred and eleven francs premium on the Bourse, the latter had caused the banker to be attacked violently in the foreign journals which he influenced. Of course, statements of this nature are not to be accepted as undeniable. It is well known that the *Times* newspaper was one of the energetic opponents of the imperial *régime*, and was certainly not under any foreign influence. But it will be noted that these details are given in a report of the most private nature, addressed to the emperor, found in his possession, and annotated in his own handwriting.

In spite of the ability of the authors and supporters of the imperial *régime*, and of the organization of the administration of the post-office, of the press, of the army, even of the moderate opposition, on the one central principle of devotion to the dynasty, the correspondence affords un-

mistakable proofs that the second empire came into being with the germ of its dissolution. Already, in October, 1868, the shadow of coming disaster was cast from the German frontier. In that month General Ducrot writes from Strasburg to General Frossard, the governor of the prince imperial, alarming news. Madame de Pourtalès, up to that time a Prussian in her sentiments, and a passionate admirer of King William and of M. de Bismarck, had just returned from Berlin "with death in her soul," owing to "the conviction that war is inevitable, that it may burst out at any moment, and that the Prussians are so well prepared, and so ably led, that they are certain to succeed." In the November following, Lieutenant-Colonel Stoffel wrote from Berlin where he was military *attaché* to the embassy, to M. Piétri, prefect of police:—

We are suspected by all the Prussian nation; certain parties detest us, others distrust us, and the least prejudiced regard us as at all events tiresome; they feel towards us as one man does to another who is always in his way. Thence the general state of opinion, which I sum up in these words—animosity, mistrust, or irritation against France. Such is the fatal consequence of the events of 1866. Nothing can be done so long as the general situation remains the same; and the state of affairs which I have indicated is growing worse and worse.

In May, 1867, M. de la Vallette, minister of foreign affairs, telegraphed to M. Benedetti, ambassador at Berlin, that the Prussian government was making large purchases of horses in Hungary, in Poland, and in Ireland. In the previous month an agent of the minister of war, put on the track of M. de Moltke, major-general of the Prussian army, reported that that officer had been visiting the French frontier and studying the positions—Mayence, Birkenfeld, Sarrebrück, Sarrelouis, Trèves, and the valley of the Moselle. To the request for further instructions the brief order "Follow him" is the reply. The elections of 1869, in expectation of which so much was done for the manipulation of the press, were disconcerting for the government. "We await the result of the elections," telegraphs the emperor, on November 17, 1869, to the empress, then on her journey to the opening of the Suez Canal, "which will all be bad." "I have only to-night," he telegraphs again to Ismailia on the 22nd, "the result of the elections, but no one attaches importance to it. Whether it be Peter or Paul, the candidates are all

bad." Then come letters illustrating the ministerial crisis of the close of 1869. M. Emile Ollivier starts by night, with his head in a muffler, and without his spectacles, so as to be "quite unrecognizable," to an interview with the emperor, and on January 2, 1870, becomes minister of justice. Soon we see the pressure of his hand on the magistrates in expectation of the *plébiscite*. "*(Justice to all the Procureurs Généraux.)* Tell all the judges of the peace that I shall see them with pleasure in the plebiscitary committees." "*(Justice to the Procureur Général, Lyons.)* Arrest immediately all the individuals who direct the International. We prosecute it at Paris. The situation becomes grave." "Have you seized the International? It is at Toulouse." "I am informed that the meetings at Marseilles are intolerable for their violence. Do not hesitate to make an example; and above all, strike at the head. Catch the advocates, the gentlemen, rather than the poor devils of the people." Thirty-two telegrams, between April 23 and May 6, 1870, contain orders for repression or for arrest. And then on May 9 comes a despairing letter to the emperor from General Lorencez, commanding at Toulouse: "It is with a broken heart, Sire, that I express to-day to your Majesty my sorrowful deception as to the vote of the garrison at Toulouse."

Such was the ruined and tottering state of that imperial edifice from which a relief was sought by a leap into the Prussian war. How little the French army was prepared to meet the strain, we shall presently see. The interest of the great drama now becomes more intense. It is hardly too much to say that nowhere, either in history or in fiction, can we find a parallel to the tale of the fall of the second empire, as ciphered by the fiery signals of the electric telegraph. It is not only the magnitude of the events, the shock of the opposing forces, the rapidity with which disaster eclipses disaster, the total reversal of the insolent hopes with which war was wantonly commenced, the unexampled scale of military defeat. All these exist. But the mode in which, by the aid furnished to the soldier by the inventions of Wheatstone and of Stephenson, bodies of men were moved and provisioned by the German strategists with the certainty of the chess-board and with the speed of the swallow; and even more the brief, hurried, nervous announcement, at the centres of government, of the blows sustained by the nation—announcements

almost contemporaneous with the blows themselves, and often as significant by silence as by speech — are utterly without precedent. No such instance of "turning the accomplishment of many years into an hourglass" was possible in the region of history, before the lightning had been subdued to bear the messages of man. This official correspondence is marked by even more breathless rapidity of incident than can be indicated by the shifting scenes of the theatre.

To the reader who, furnished with a good map of the seat of war and with a note of the dates of the chief events in the months of July and August, studies the despatches now brought before the public, the dramatic presentation of this fierce but short contest is fully intelligible. At the same time the despatches are, on many points, signally and perhaps purposely silent or misleading. For the general reader some aid like that which Shakespeare derives from the introduction of the chorus in "Henry V." is desirable. The great tragedy of the Franco-Prussian War consisted of five acts, three only of which are sketched out in the documents before us. Of these the first extends from the declaration made by M. de Gramont before the Corps Législatif on July 6, to the battle of Wörth on August 6. The second contains the series of unvaried military disasters and disgraces from that turning-point of the martial tide to the capitulation of Sedan on September 2. The third act is the Revolution, the fear of which was the *raison d'être* of the war. The fourth and fifth acts, comprising respectively the fall of Strasburg and Metz and that of Paris, we have to read elsewhere. The contrast between the utter want of preparation of the French, their insane boasting, their divided councils, the absolute want of strategic provision and order, the fear of the republicans rather than of the invaders, on the one hand; and the steady, well-planned, well-ordered march of that mighty host which, almost at the same moment, seized with an irresistible grip Strasburg, Metz, and the French emperor and army at Sedan, is a lesson in war and in policy which England would do well to lay to heart.

The rapid drama of the Prussian war, as sketched by the captured telegrams, occupies a space of sixty-two days. At 3.10 P.M. on July 6, 1870, M. Conti telegraphs from Paris to the emperor at St. Cloud: "The declaration of the minister of foreign affairs, very able, very definite,

and very firm, has excited the most lively enthusiasm in the Legislative Body." "Receive," telegraphs M. de Persigny on the same day to his master, "my most ardent congratulations. All France will follow you. The enthusiasm is unanimous." On July 14 the emperor telegraphs from the Tuileries to General Frossard, commanding the camp at Châlons: "If there is war, I should like you to have the command-in-chief of the engineers." On the 16th the minister of war directs that the despatch of the troops from Metz and the continuation of the works of the fortifications are to be under the orders of General de Failly until the arrival of Marshal Bazaine. On the 18th General de Failly telegraphs to "War, Paris:" "I am at Bitché with seventeen battalions of infantry. Send me money to feed the troops. Banknotes refused. No silver in the public treasuries of the neighborhood. No silver in the military chest." Two days later comes the despatch from the intendant-general at Metz to the War Office: "There is at Metz neither sugar, nor coffee, nor rice, nor brandy, nor salt, but little pork or biscuit. Send in all haste at least a million of rations towards Thionville." On the same day General Ducrot telegraphs from Strasburg to "War, Paris:" "To-morrow there will be hardly fifty men to guard the fort of Neuf-Brisach; and Fort Mortier, Schlestadt, La Petite-Pierre, and Lichtenberg are equally unprovided. It is in consequence of the orders which we carry out. It would be easy to find resources in the National Guard, but I do not feel authorized to do anything until empowered by your Excellency. It seems certain that the Prussians are already master of all the passes of the Black Forest." On the 21st the general commanding the 2nd Corps telegraphs from St. Avold to "War:" "The dépôt sends enormous packets of maps" (no doubt of Germany) "useless for the moment. We have not one map of the frontier of France. It would be better to send more of what would be useful, and of which we are completely in want." "I have arrived at Belfort," telegraphs General Michel on the same day; "have not joined my brigade, have not found general of division. What must I do? I don't know where my regiments are." "There is silver at Strasburg," replies "War" to General de Failly's despatch from Bitché, three days after its date, "and you have a railway to that place. No revolvers in the arsenals; we have given officers sixty

francs to procure them from the trade. You must wait for the emperor, and act according to circumstances."

On July 24 the general commanding the 4th Corps telegraphs from Thionville to the major-general at Paris: "The 4th Corps has neither cantines, nor ambulances, nor vehicles. Everything is completely wanting." "The 3rd Corps," says the intendant of that body on the same day, leaves Metz to-morrow. I have neither overseers of infirmaries, nor workmen, nor ambulance wagons, nor ovens for the campaign, nor train, nor instruments for weighing; and for the 4th Division and the division of cavalry I have not a single functionary. I pray your Excellency to relieve me from the embarrassment in which I am; the *quartier général* not being able to help me, though there are more than ten functionaries." "To-day," telegraphs the sub-intendant at Mézières to "War" on July 25, "there are neither biscuits nor salt meat in the fortresses of Mézières or of Sedan." Thus along the whole line of frontier, from Mézières to Belfort, there is an almost total want of men, of provisions, and of the munitions of war. At the great fortress of Metz, on August 9, besides the arms destined for the *garde mobile* of the department, only thirty thousand breech-loading *fusils* and eighteen thousand of the model of 1866 are found by General Soleille. On August 8 the intendant of the 6th Corps has "not a ration of biscuit, nor of provisions for the field," at the same time that the intendant of the army of the Rhine is applying to him for four hundred thousand rations. Forty-five telegrams, from July 18 to August 21, tell the same infamous story. From Bitche, Metz, Thionville, Mézières, Sedan, Strasbourg, Belfort, Verdun, Perpignan, the arsenal of St. Omer, Epinal, Langres, Besançon, Nîmes, come demands for bread, biscuits, ammunition, cartridges, tents, cooking vessels, wine, brandy, sugar, coffee, bacon, dry vegetables, fresh meat, bedding, shirts, shoes, small arms, bayonets, harness, and money. In every instance the want is urgent. The replies of Marshal Montauban to this torrent of complaint and of requisition are not forthcoming.

With France in a condition which can only be understood on the assumption of the long-continued pillage of her resources by functionaries of every grade, there is a grim and terrible humor in some of the earlier despatches from the emperor, who, in spite of all denials, is now

shown to have commanded in chief down to August 31. "Louis is very well," telegraphs his father to the emperor from Metz on July 30; "he has slept for sixteen hours straight on." "Send me a bracelet for the wife of the prefect," says another telegram of the same date. "Little Malakoff has found two more trefoils with four leaves. I will send them to you," telegraphs the empress to the prince imperial on July 31. "I have no news of MacMahon," telegraphs the emperor, still at Metz, on August 6, to the empress, at 3 P.M. At that moment was raging the crucial battle of Wörth, where, in about equal numbers, one hundred and twenty thousand French and Germans, under the command of a marshal of France and of the crown prince of Prussia, were engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle, which extended over nine miles of country, and which left fourteen thousand corpses for interment in the field. At what hour the news reached Paris does not appear. At 2.25 P.M. of August 7 the empress telegraphs to her husband: "I am highly satisfied with the resolutions taken at the council of ministers, and I am persuaded that we shall hunt the Prussians to the frontier at the point of the sword." But at 12.35 of the same day she had telegraphed to the princess Mathilde at St. Gratien: "I have bad news of the emperor. The army is in retreat. I return to Paris, where I convoke the council of ministers." The battles of Wörth and of Forbach were being fought at the same time. "The state of public opinion is excellent," telegraphs Emile Ollivier to the emperor at 9.45 P.M. on the same day; "to stupefaction, to immense grief, have succeeded confidence and enthusiasm." Englishmen, passing through Paris at the time, bear witness to the general display of the former emotions, but saw nothing of the latter.

Twelve days later than the battle of Wörth came the decisive action at Gravelotte, which proved the success of the Prussian strategy in the effectual masking of Metz, under which fortress they penned up Bazaine and his force, to be taken at leisure when they had destroyed the wandering army of the emperor. On the 16th the emperor arrives at Etain on his way to Verdun. The object of the movement is not stated. In point of fact it was a hasty flight in order not to be shut up in Metz. "My dear mama," the prince imperial telegraphs the same day, "I am quite well, so is papa; everything is going on better and better." But on the following day, from his *quartier général* — where

is not stated — the emperor enquires of the mayor of Etain, "Have you any news of the army?" The two regiments which escorted the emperor to Etain seem to have been intended as the *avant-garde* of the retreat of all available forces on the camp at Chalons, or indeed on Paris itself; as announced in a letter to the empress, of which we have only a telegraphic acknowledgment from the minister of war. "I implore the emperor," signals "War," "to renounce this idea, which looks like the abandonment of the army of Metz, which cannot, at this moment, effect a junction at Verdun. The army of Chalons will be eighty-five thousand men within three days, without counting the corps of Douay, which is eighteen thousand men, and which will rejoin in three days. Can you not make a powerful diversion on the Prussians, already weakened by several combats? The empress shares my opinion." "I yield to your opinion," replies the *César* *mangué*; "do not delay the movement of the cavalry. Bazaine urgently demands munitions." This is dated at 9.4 (not said whether A.M. or P.M.) on August 18, the day of the battle of Gravelotte. "If, as I believe," telegraphs MacMahon on the following day to Bazaine, "you are shortly obliged to retreat, I do not know, at the distance at which I am" (Chalons is some eighty-five miles from Metz as the crow flies), "how to come to help you without uncovering Paris. If you think otherwise, let me know." It is probable that this telegram reached a Prussian address. Bazaine's inadequate grasp of the situation is indicated by a telegram to the emperor, at Chalons, on the 18th: "I do not know what is the provisioning of Verdun."

The movement of the army of Chalons, under the nominal command of Marshal MacMahon, but really under the personal command of the emperor, is intelligible on no hypothesis but that of the terrified flight of a ruined, helpless, and utterly incompetent commander before a master of the art of war. Headquarters were at the Chalons camp from August 17 to 21; at Rheims on the 22nd and 23rd; at Réthel on the 24th; at Le Chêne Populeux on the 27th; at Carignan on the 30th; at Sedan on the 31st. A despatch from Marshal MacMahon to "War," at Paris, on the 27th, reveals the key to this unprecedented aberration.

The first and second armies [says the Marshal, meaning German armies of more than 200,000 men] block Metz, principally on the

left bank [of the Moselle]; a force estimated at 50,000 men would be established on the right bank of the Meuse to hinder my march on Metz. Information reaches me that the army of the Prince Royal of Prussia is marching on the Ardennes with 50,000 men. It must be already at Ardeuil. I am at Le Chesne with a little more than 100,000 men. Since the 9th I have no news of Bazaine. If I advance to meet him, I shall be attacked in front by part of the first and second armies, which, favored by the wood, may bring up a force superior to mine; at the same time attacked by the army of the Prince Royal of Prussia, cutting off my retreat. To-morrow I shall reach Mézières, whence I shall continue my retreat, according to circumstances, towards the west.

Two other telegrams have a terrible significance. One is from MacMahon to the minister of war on August 24: "I fear to meet again in the Ardennes great difficulties in supporting the army from the country — difficulties which will become insurmountable if we manage to join Bazaine. I require that considerable convoys of biscuit should be sent towards Mézières, say two million rations." On the day preceding the emperor had telegraphed to the minister of war that it was essential to send to Rheims a force considerable enough to protect the communication, which each day's retreat rendered it more easy to cut off. Still more damatory is a despatch from "War" to Marshal MacMahon, so far back as August 19: "I learn from certain sources that the corps are not guarded, that no serious reconnaissance has been organized to the present moment. I make an exception for the cavalry division of General Fénélon, which has given us useful information. I know that the corps of Faily, at Chaumont and at Blennes, has neither scouts nor sentries. This want of vigilance has allowed small parties of the enemy to cut the railways. Be good enough to give orders that vigilance should be redoubled on the moment." Such was the result of playing at soldiers at the cost of France, under the shadow of a great military name, by a man who was neither a statesman nor a soldier. The ministry at Paris had to complain of the absence of all proper vigilance in the army on which all depended, and which was under the personal command of the emperor!

Of the great catastrophe at Sedan we learn little from the papers under notice, except how inevitable it had become from the moment that, repulsed from Paris by the empress and the minister of war, the emperor allowed the mighty wedge of the

Prussian army to be driven between his army and the capital. "Have you reflected," telegraphed the empress, in a despatch which, found torn into fragments, was pieced together by the commission, "on all the consequences which will follow your return to Paris under the blow of two defeats?" "You have only before you a part of the forces which block Metz," telegraphs "War" to the emperor on August 27. "In the name of the council of ministers and of the private council," telegraphs the same minister to MacMahon on the 28th, "I demand that you carry succor to Bazaine, profiting by the thirty hours' advance that you have on the Prince of Prussia." Short and decisive is the reply: "Sedan, August 31, 1870, 1.15 A.M. MacMahon informs the minister of war that he is forced to move on Sedan." And then on September 4 comes the news, from the empress to her mother, the Countess de Montijo at Madrid: "General Wimpfen, who took the command after the wound of MacMahon, has capitulated, and the emperor has been taken prisoner. Alone, without forces, he has yielded to what he could not help. All the day he was under fire. Courage, dear mother; if France will defend herself, she can. I will do my duty. Your unhappy daughter, Eugénie." It is impossible not to uncover the head in presence of so much constancy displayed, at the supreme moment, by a lady who had just lost all. But the inability to see the situation in its true colors, that is betrayed by the first jubilant despatches of Conti and of Persigny, is no less apparent in this last utterance from the Tuileries.

The third act of the drama was brief: "The agitation is great in Paris," telegraphs the prefect of police at 9.40 of September 3, "to the Empress, War, Interior, Governor of Paris, General Soumain." "Bands promenade the Boulevards and the principal streets, uttering seditious cries. At 9 P.M. several hundred individuals attacked the police station on the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle." "While the Chamber," says a telegram signed "Hubaine," addressed to "Prince Napoleon, Palace Pitti, Florence," "assembled in its bureaux, deliberated, the mob invaded the tribunes. The National Guard proclaimed the republic. It is a fact peaceably consummated thus far." Then follows the last despatch sent from the Tuileries on September 4. It is signed by M. Filon, the preceptor of the prince, who sent most of the despatches of the empress, and is addressed to M. Duperré, who on the pre-

ceding day had been desired to await new orders at Landrecies. "Paris, 1.50. Duperré, à Maubeuge. Filons sur Belgique. Filon."

So fell the second empire. It had called down the thunder of war on undefended France in order to stifle the yell of the Revolution. It fell by two blows, either of which would have been mortal, received on the field of Sedan on September 2, and in the streets of Paris on September 4; and of all the miseries and humiliations which the German invasion, self-defensive as it was on the part of the invaders, brought upon France, none were more severe than, if any approached the violence of, those inflicted on Paris by the furies of the Red Republic.

From Chambers' Journal.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER V.

It is a common impression that happiness and unhappiness are permanent states of mind, and that for long tracts of our lives we are under the continuous sway of one or other of these conditions. But this is almost always a mistake, save in the case of grief, which is perhaps the only emotion which is beyond the reach of the momentary lightnings and alleviations and perpetual vicissitudes of life. Death, and the pangs of separation from those we love, are permanent, at least for their time; but in everything else there is an ebb and flow which keeps the heart alive. When Frances Waring told the story of this period of her life, she represented herself unconsciously as having been oppressed by the mystery that overshadowed her, and as having lost all the ease of her young life prematurely in a sudden encounter with shadows unsuspected before. But as a matter of fact, this was not the case. She had a bad night—that is, she cried herself asleep; but once over the boundary which divides our waking thoughts from the visions of the night, she knew no more till the sun came in and woke her to a very cheerful morning. It is true that care made several partially successful assaults upon her that day and for several days after. But as everything went on quite calmly and peacefully, the impression wore off. The English family found out, as was inevitable, where Mr. Waring lived, without any difficulty; and first the father came, then

the mother, and finally the pair together, to call. Frances, to whom a breach of decorum or civility was pain unspeakable, sat trembling and ashamed in the deepest corner of the loggia, while these kind strangers encountered Mariuccia at the door. The scene, as a matter of fact, was rather comic than tragic, for neither the visitors nor the guardian of the house possessed any language but their own; and Mr. and Mrs. Mannering had as little understanding of the statement that Mr. Waring did not "receive" as Frances had expected.

"But he is in — *è in casa* — *è in*?" said the worthy Englishman. "Then, my dear, of course it is only a mistake. When he knows who we are — when he has our names —"

"*Non riceve oggi*," said Mariuccia, setting her sturdy breadth in the doorway; "*oggi non riceve il signore*" (the master does not receive to-day).

"But he is in?" repeated the bewildered good people. They could have understood "Not at home," which to Mariuccia would have been simply a lie — with which, indeed, had need been, or could it have done the padrone any good, she would have burdened her conscience as lightly as any one. But why, when it was not in the least necessary?

Thus they played their little game at cross-purposes, while Frances sat, hot and red with shame in her corner, sensible to the bottom of her heart of the discourtesy, the unkindness of turning them from the door. They were her father's friends; they claimed to have "stuck by him through thick and thin;" they were people who knew about him and whom he belonged to, and the conditions of his former life; and yet they were turned from his door!

She did not venture to go out again for some days, except in the evening, when she knew that all the strangers were at the inevitable *table d'hôte*; and it was with a sigh of relief, yet disappointment, that she heard they had gone away. Yes, at last they did go away, angry, no doubt, thinking her father a churl, and she herself an ignorant rustic, who know nothing about good manners. Of course this was what they must think. Frances heard those words, "*Non riceve oggi*," even in her dreams. She saw in imagination the astonished faces of the visitors. "But he will receive us, if you will only take in our names;" and then Mariuccia's steady voice repeating the well-known phrase. What must they have thought? That it

was an insult: that their old friend scorned and defied them. What else could they suppose?

At last, however, they did go away, and Frances got over it. Everything went on as before; her father was just as usual — a sphinx indeed, more and more hopelessly wrapped up in silence and mystery; but so natural and easy and kind in his uncommunicativeness, with so little appearance of repression or concealment about him, that it was almost impossible to retain any feeling of injury or displeasure. Love is cheated every day in this way by offenders much more serious who can make their dependents happy even while they are ruining them, and beguile the bitterest anxiety into forgetfulness and smiles. It was easy to make Frances forget the sudden access of wonderment and wounded feeling which had seized her, even without any special exertion; time alone and the calm succession of the days was enough for that. She resumed her little picture of the palms, and was very successful — more than usually so. Mr. Waring, who had hitherto praised her little works as he might have praised the sampler of a child, was silenced by this, and took it away with him into his room, and when he brought it back, looked at her with more attention than he had been used to show. "I think," he said, "little Fan, that you must be growing up," laying his hand upon her head with a smile.

"I am grown up, papa; I am eighteen," she said.

At which he laughed softly. "I don't think much of your eighteen; but this shows. I should not wonder, with time and work, if — you mightn't be good enough to exhibit at Mentone — after a while."

Frances had been looking at him with an expression of almost rapturous expectation. The poor little countenance fell at this, and a quick sting of mortification brought tears to her eyes. The exhibition at Mentone was an exhibition of amateurs. Tassie was in it, and even Mrs. Gaunt, and all the people about who ever spoilt a piece of harmless paper. "O papa!" she said. Since the failure of her late appeal to him, this was the only formula of reproach which she used.

"Well," he said, "are you more ambitious than that, you little thing? Perhaps, by-and-by you may be fit even for better things."

"It is beautiful," said Mariuccia. "You see where the light goes, and where it is in the shade. But, carina, if you were to

copy the face of Domenico, or even mine, that would be more interesting. The palms we can see if we look out of the window; but imagine to yourself that 'Menico might go away, or even might die; and we should not miss him so much if we had his face hung up upon the wall."

"It is easier to do the trees than to do Domenico," said Frances; "they stand still."

"And so would 'Menico stand still, if it was to please the signorina. He is not very well educated, but he knows enough for that; or even myself, though you will think, perhaps, I am too old to make a pretty picture. But if I had my veil on, and my best earrings, and the coral my mother left me —"

"You look very nice, Mariuccia; I like you as you are; but I am not clever enough to make a portrait."

Mariuccia cried out with scorn. "You are clever enough to do whatever you wish to do," she said. "The padrone thinks so too, though he will not say it. Not clever enough! Magari! too clever is what you mean."

Frances set up her palms on a little stand of carved wood, and was very well pleased with herself; but that sentiment palls perhaps sooner than any other. It was very agreeable to be praised, and also it was pleasant to feel that she had finished her work successfully. But after a short time, it began to be a great subject of regret that the work was done. She did not know what to do next. To make a portrait of Domenico was above her powers. She idled about for the day, and found it uncomfortable. That is the moment in which it is most desirable to have a friend on whom to bestow one's tediousness. She bethought herself that she had not seen Tasie for a week. It was now more than a fortnight since the events detailed in the beginning of this history. Her father, when asked if he would not like a walk, declined. It was too warm, or too cold, or perhaps too dusty, which was very true, and accordingly she set out alone.

Walking down through the Marina, the little tourist town which was rising upon the shore, she saw some parties of travellers arriving, which always had been a little pleasure to her. It was mingled now with a certain excitement. Perhaps some of them, like those who had just gone away, might know all about her, more than she knew herself. What a strange thought it was! Some of those unknown

people in their travelling-cloaks, which looked so much too warm — people whom she had never seen before, who had not a notion that she was Frances Waring! One of the parties was composed of ladies, surrounded and enveloped, so to speak, by a venerable courier, who swept them and their possessions before him into the hotel. Another was led by a father and mother, not at all unlike the pair who had "stuck by" Mr. Waring. How strange to imagine that they might not be strangers at all, but people who knew all about her!

In the first group was a girl, who hung back a little from the rest, and looked curiously up at all the houses, as if looking for some one — a tall, fair-haired girl, with a blue veil tied over her hat. She looked tired, but eager, with more interest in her face than any of the others showed. Frances smiled to herself with the half-superiority which a resident is apt to feel: a girl must be very simple indeed, if she thought the houses on the Marina worth looking at, Frances thought. But she did not pause in her quick walk. The Durants lived at the other end of the Marina, in a little villa built upon a terrace over an olive garden — a low house with no particular beauty, but possessing also a loggia turned to the west, the luxury of building on the Riviera. Here the whole family was seated, the old clergyman with a large English newspaper, which he was reading deliberately from end to end; his wife with a work-basket full of articles to mend; and Tasie at the little tea-table, pouring out the tea. Frances was received with a little clamor of satisfaction, for she was a favorite.

"Sit here, my dear." "Come this way, close to me, for you know I am getting a little hard of hearing."

They had always been kind to her, but never, she thought, had she been received with so much cordiality as now.

"Have you come by yourself, Frances? and along the Marina? I think you should make Domenico or his wife walk with you, when you go through the Marina, my dear."

"Why, Mrs. Durant? I have always done it. Even Mariuccia says it does not matter, as I am an English girl."

"Ah, that may be true; but English girls are not like American girls. I assure you they are taken a great deal more care of. If you ever go home —"

"And how is your poor father to-day, Frances?" said Mr. Durant.

"Oh, papa is very well. He is not such a poor father. There is nothing the mat-

ter with him. At least, there is nothing *new* the matter with him," said Frances with a little impatience.

"No," said the clergyman, looking up over the top of his spectacles and shaking his head. "Nothing *new* the matter with him. I believe that."

"If you ever go home," resumed Mrs. Durant, "and of course some time you will go home —"

"I think very likely I never shall," said the girl. "Papa never talks of going home. He says home is here."

"That is all very well for the present moment, my dear; but I feel sure, for my part, that one time or other it will happen as I say; and then you must not let them suppose you have been a little savage, going about as you liked here."

"I don't think any one would care much, Mrs. Durant; and I am not going; so you need not be afraid."

"Your poor father," Mr. Durant went on in his turn, "has a great deal of self-command, Frances; he has a great deal of self-control. In some ways, that is an excellent quality, but it may be carried too far. I wish very much he would allow me to come and have a talk with him — not as a clergyman, but just in a friendly way."

"I am quite sure you may come and talk with him as much as you like," said Frances, astonished; "or if you want very much to see him, he will come to you."

"Oh, I should not take it upon me to ask that — in the mean time," Mr. Durant said.

The girl stared a little, but asked no further question. There was something among them which she did not understand — a look of curiosity, an air of meaning more than their words said. The Durants were always a little apt to be didactic, as became a clergyman's family; but Tasie was generally a safe refuge. She turned to her with a little sigh of perplexity, hoping to escape further question. "Was the Sunday school as large last Sunday, Tasie?" she said.

"Oh, Frances, no! Such a disappointment! There were only four! Isn't it a pity? But you see the little Mannerings have all gone away. Such sweet children; and the little one of all has such a voice. They are perhaps coming back for Easter, if they don't stay at Rome; and if so, I think we must put little Herbert in a white surplice — he will look like an angel — and have a real anthem with a soprano solo, for once."

"I doubt if they will all come back,"

said Mr. Durant. "Mr. Mannering himself, indeed, I don't doubt, *on business*; but as for the family, you must not flatter yourself, Tasie."

"*She* liked the place," said his wife; "and very likely she would think it her duty, if anything is to come of it, you know."

"Be careful," said the clergyman, with a glance aside, which Frances would have been dull indeed not to have perceived was directed at herself. "Don't say anything that may be premature."

Frances was brave in her way. She felt, with a little rising excitement, that her friends were bursting with some piece of knowledge which they were longing to communicate. It roused in her an impatience and reluctance mingled with keen curiosity. She would not hear it, and yet was breathless with impatience to know what it was.

"Mr. Mannering?" she said deliberately — "that was the gentleman that knew papa."

"You saw him, then?" cried Mrs. Durant. There was something like a faint disappointment in her tone.

"He was one of papa's early friends," said Frances with a little emphasis. "I saw him twice. He and his wife both — they seemed kind people."

Mr. Durant and his wife looked at each other, and even Tasie stared over her teacups. "Oh, very kind people, my dear; I don't think you could do better than have full confidence in them," Mrs. Durant said.

"And your poor father could not have a truer friend," said the old clergyman. "You must tell him I am coming to have a talk with him about it. It was a great revelation, but I hope that everything will turn out for the best."

Frances grew redder and redder as she sat a mark for all their arrows. What was it that was a "revelation"? But she would not ask. She began to be angry, and to say to herself that she would put her hands to her ears, that she would listen to nothing.

"Henry!" said Mrs. Durant, "who is it that is premature now?"

"I am afraid I can't stay," said Frances, rising quickly from her chair. "I have something to do for Mariuccia. I only came in because — because I was passing. Never mind, Tasie; I know my way so well; and Mr. Durant wants some more tea."

"Oh, but Frances, my dear, you really must let me send some one with you."

You must not move about in that independent way."

"And we had a great many things to say to you," said the old clergyman, keeping her hand in his. "Are you really in such a hurry? It will be better for yourself to wait a little, and hear something that will be for your good."

"It cannot be any worse for me to run about to-day than any other day," said Frances, almost sternly; "and whatever there is to hear, won't to-morrow do just as well? I think it is a little funny of you all to speak to me so; but now I must go."

She was so rapid in her movements that she was gone before Tasie could extricate herself from the somewhat crazy little table. And then they all three looked at each other and shook their heads. "Do you think she can know?" "Can she have known it all the time?" "Has Waring told her, or was it Mannerling?" they said to each other.

Frances could not hear their mutual questions; but something very like the purport of them got into her agitated brain. She felt sure they were wondering whether she knew—what? this revelation, this something which they had found out. Nothing would make her submit to hear it from them, she said to herself. But the moment was come when she could not be put off any longer. She would go to her father, and she would not rest until she was informed what it was.

She hastened along, avoiding the Marina, which had amused her on her way, hurrying from terrace to terrace of the olive groves. Her heart was beating fast, and her rapid pace made it faster. But as she thought of her father's unperturbed looks, the calm with which he had received her eager questions, and the very small likelihood that anything she would say about the hints of the Durants would move him, her pace and her excitement both decreased. She went more slowly, less hopefully back to the palazzo. It was all very well to say that she must know. But what if he would not tell her? What if he received her questions as he had received them before? The circumstances were not changed, nor was he changed because the Durants knew something, she did not know what. Oh, what a poor piece of friendship was that, that betrayed a friend's secret to his neighbors! She did not know; she could not so much as form a guess what the secret was. But little or great, his friend should have kept it. She said this to herself bitterly, when

the chill probabilities of the case began to make themselves felt. It was harder to think that the Durants knew, than to be kept in darkness herself.

She went in at last very soberly, with the intention of telling her father all that had passed, if perhaps that of itself might be an inducement to him to have confidence in her. It was not a pleasant mission. Her steps had become very sober as she went up the long marble stair. Mariuccia met her with a little cry. Had she not met the padrone? He had gone out down through the olive woods to meet her and fetch her home. It was a brief reprieve. In the evening after dinner was the time when he was most accessible. Frances, with a thrill of mingled relief and disappointment, retired to her room to make her little toilet. She had an hour or two at least before her ere it would be necessary to speak.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE ELIOT.*

THE illustrious woman who is the subject of these volumes makes a remark to her publisher which is at least as relevant now as it was then. Can nothing be done, she asks, by dispassionate criticism towards the reform of our national habits in the matter of literary biography? "Is it anything short of odious that as soon as a man is dead his desk should be raked, and every insignificant memorandum which he never meant for the public be printed for the gossiping amusement of people too idle to re-read his books?" Autobiography, she says, at least saves a man or a woman that the world is curious about, from the publication of a string of mistakes called memoirs. Even to autobiography, however, she confesses her deep repugnance unless it can be written so as to involve neither self-glorification nor impeachment of others—a condition, by the way, with which hardly any, save Mill's, can be said to comply. "I like," she proceeds, "that *He being dead yet speaketh* should have quite another meaning than that" (iii. 226, 297, 307). She shows the same fastidious apprehension still more clearly in another way. "I have destroyed almost all my friends' letters to me," she says, "because they were only intended for my eyes, and could only

* *George Eliot's Life*. By J. W. Cross. Three volumes. Blackwood and Sons. 1889.

fall into the hands of persons who knew little of the writers, if I allowed them to remain till after my death. In proportion as I love every form of piety — which is venerating love — I hate hard curiosity; and, unhappily, my experience has impressed me with the sense that hard curiosity is the more common temper of mind" (ii. 286). There is probably little difference among us in respect of such experience as that.

Much biography, perhaps we might say most, is hardly above the level of that "personal talk," to which Wordsworth sagely preferred long, barren silence, the flapping of the flame of his cottage fire, and the undersong of the kettle on the hob. It would not, then, have much surprised us if George Eliot had insisted that her works should remain the only commemoration of her life. There be some who think that those who have enriched the world with great thoughts and fine creations, might best be content to rest unmarked "where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap," leaving as little work to the literary executor, except of the purely crematory sort, as did Aristotle, Plato, Shakespeare, and some others whose names the world will not willingly let die. But this is a stoic's doctrine; the objector may easily retort that if it had been sternly acted on, we should have known very little about Dr. Johnson, and nothing about Socrates.

This is but an ungracious prelude to some remarks upon a book, which must be pronounced a striking success. There will be very little dispute as to the fact that the editor of these memorials of George Eliot has done his work with excellent taste, judgment, and sense. He found no autobiography nor fragment of one, but he has skilfully shaped a kind of autobiography by a plan which, so far as we know, he is justified in calling new, and which leaves her life to write itself in extracts from her letters and journals. With the least possible obtrusion from the biographer, the original pieces are formed into a connected whole "that combines a narrative of day-to-day life with the play of light and shade which only letters written in serious moods can give." The idea is a good one, and Mr. Cross deserves great credit for it. We may hope that its success will encourage imitators. Certainly there are drawbacks. We miss the animation of mixed narrative. There is, too, a touch of monotony in listening for so long to the voice of a single speaker addressing others who are

silent behind a screen. But Mr. Cross could not we think, have devised a better way of dealing with his material: it is simple, modest, and effective.

George Eliot, after all, led the life of a studious recluse, with none of the bustle, variety, motion, and large communication with the outer world, that justified Lockhart and Moore in making a long story of the lives of Scott and Byron. Even here, among men of letters, who were also men of action and of great sociability, are not all biographies too long? Let any sensible reader turn to the shelf where his lives repose; we shall be surprised if he does not find that nearly every one of them, taking the present century alone, and including such splendid and attractive subjects as Goethe, Hume, Romilly, Mackintosh, Horner, Chalmers, Arnold, Southey, Cowper, would not have been all the better for judicious curtailment. Lockhart, who wrote the longest, wrote also the shortest, the life of Burns; and the shortest is the best, in spite of defects which would only have been worse if the book had been bigger. It is to be feared that, conscientious and honorable as his self-denial has been, even Mr. Cross has not wholly resisted the natural and besetting error of the biographer. Most people will think that the hundred pages of the Italian tour (vol. ii.), and some other not very remarkable impressions of travel, might as well or better have been left out.

As a mere letter-writer, George Eliot will not rank among the famous masters of what is usually considered especially a woman's art. She was too busy in serious work to have leisure for that most delightful way of wasting time. Besides that, she had by nature none of that fluency, rapidity, abandonment, pleasant volubility, which make letters amusing, captivating, or piquant. What Mr. Cross says of her as the mistress of a *salon*, is true of her for the most part as a correspondent: "Playing around many disconnected subjects, in talk, neither interested nor amused her much. She took things too seriously, and seldom found the effort of entertaining compensated by the gain" (iii. 335). There is the outpouring of ardent feeling for her friends, sobering down, as life goes on, into a crooning kindness, affectionate and honest, but often tinged with considerable self-consciousness. It was said of some one that his epigrams did honor to his heart; in the reverse direction we occasionally feel that George Eliot's effusive playfulness

does honor to her head. It lacks simplicity and *verve*. Even in an invitation to dinner, the words imply a grave sense of responsibility on both sides, and sense of responsibility is fatal to the charm of familiar correspondence.

As was inevitable in one whose mind was so habitually turned to the deeper elements of life, she lets fall the pearls of wise speech even in short notes. Here are one or two:—

"My own experience and development deepen every day my conviction that our moral progress may be measured by the degree in which we sympathize with individual suffering and individual joy."

"If there is one attitude more odious to me than any other of the many attitudes of 'knowingness,' it is that air of lofty superiority to the vulgar. She will soon find out that I am a very commonplace woman."

"It so often happens that others are measuring us by our past self while we are looking back on that self with a mixture of disgust and sorrow."

The following is one of the best examples, one of the few examples, of her best manner:—

I have been made rather unhappy by my husband's impulsive proposal about Christmas. We are dull old persons, and your two sweet young ones ought to find each Christmas a new bright bead to string on their memory, whereas to spend the time with us would be to string on a dark shrivelled berry. They ought to have a group of young creatures to be joyful with. Our own children always spend their Christmas with Gertrude's family; and we have usually taken our sober merry-making with friends out of town. Illness among these will break our custom this year; and thus *mein Mann*, feeling that our Christmas was free, considered how very much he liked being with you, omitting the other side of the question—namely, our total lack of means to make a suitably joyous meeting, a real festival, for Phil and Margaret. I was conscious of this lack in the very moment of the proposal, and the consciousness has been pressing on me more and more painfully ever since. Even my husband's affectionate hopefulness cannot withstand my melancholy demonstration. So pray consider the kill-joy proposition as entirely retracted, and give us something of yourselves only on simple black-letter days, when the Herald Angels have not been raising expectations early in the morning.

This is very pleasant, but such pieces are rare, and the infirmity of human nature has sometimes made us sigh over these pages at the recollection of the cordial cheeriness of Scott's letters, the high

spirits of Macaulay, the graceful levity of Voltaire, the rattling dare-devilry of Byron. Epistolary stilts among men of letters went out of fashion with Pope, who, as was said, thought that unless every period finished with a conceit, the letter was not worth the postage. Poor spirits cannot be the explanation of the stiffness in George Eliot's case, for no letters in the English language are so full of playfulness and charm as those of Cowper, and he was habitually sunk in gulfs deeper and blacker than George Eliot's own. It was sometimes observed of her, that in her conversation, *elle s'écoutait quand elle parlait*—she seemed to be listening to her own voice while she spoke. It must be allowed that we are not always free from an impression of self-listening, even in the most caressing of the letters before us.

This is not much better, however, than trifling. I dare say that if a lively Frenchman could have watched the inspired Pythia on the sublime tripod, he would have cried, *Elle s'écoute quand elle parle*. When everything of that kind has been said, we have the profound satisfaction, which is not quite a matter of course in the history of literature, of finding after all that the woman and the writer were one. The life does not belie the books, nor private conduct stultify public profession. We close the third volume of the biography, as we have so often closed the third volume of her novels, feeling to the very core that in spite of a style that the French call *alambiqué*, in spite of tiresome double and treble distillations of phraseology, in spite of fatiguing moralities, gravities, and ponderosities, we have still been in communion with a high and commanding intellect, and a great nature. We are vexed by pedantries that recall the *précieuses* of the Hôtel Rambouillet, but we know that she had the soul of the most heroic women in history. We crave more of the Olympian serenity that makes action natural and repose refreshing, but we cannot miss the edification of a life marked by indefatigable labor after generous purposes, by an unsparing struggle for duty, and by steadfast and devout fellowship with lofty thoughts.

Those who know Mr. Myers's essay on George Eliot will not have forgotten its most imposing passage:—

I remember how at Cambridge, I walked with her once in the Fellows' Garden of Trinity, on an evening of rainy May; and she, stirred somewhat beyond her wont, and taking as her text the three words which have been used so

often as the inspiring trumpet-calls of men,—the words *God, Immortality, Duty*,—pronounced, with terrible earnestness, how inconceivable was the *first*, how unbelievable the *second*, and yet how peremptory and absolute the *third*. Never, perhaps, had sterner accents affirmed the sovereignty of impersonal and unrecompensing law. I listened, and night fell; her grave, majestic countenance turned toward me like a Sibyl's in the gloom; it was as though she withdrew from my grasp, one by one, the two scrolls of promise, and left me the third scroll only, awful with inevitable fates.

To many, the relation which was the most important event in George Eliot's life, will seem one of those irretrievable errors which reduce all talk of duty to a mockery. It is inevitable that this should be so, and those who disregard a social law have little right to complain. Men and women whom in every other respect it would be monstrous to call bad, have taken this particular law into their own hands before now, and committed themselves to conduct of which "magnanimity owes no account to prudence." But if they had sense and knew what they were about, they have braced themselves to endure the disapproval of a majority fortunately more prudent than themselves. The world is busy, and its instruments are clumsy. It cannot know all the facts; it has neither time nor material for unravelling all the complexities of motive, or for distinguishing mere libertinage from grave and deliberate moral misjudgment; it is protecting itself as much as it is condemning the offenders. On all this, then, we need have neither sophistry nor cant. But those who seek something deeper than a verdict for the honest working purpose of leaving cards and inviting to dinner, may feel, as has been observed by a contemporary writer, that men and women are more fairly judged, if judge them we must, by the way in which they bear the burden of an error, than by the decision that laid the burden on their lives. Some idea of this kind was in her own mind when she wrote to her most intimate friend in 1857, "If I live five years longer, the positive result of my existence on the side of truth and goodness will outweigh the small negative good that would have consisted in my not doing anything to shock others" (i. 461). This urgent desire to balance the moral account may have had something to do with that laborious sense of responsibility which weighed so heavily on her soul, and had so equivocal an effect upon her art. Whatever else is to be said of this particular union, nobody can deny that the

picture on which it left a mark was an exhibition of extraordinary self-denial, energy, and persistency in the cultivation and the use of great gifts and powers for what their possessor believed to be the highest objects for society and mankind.

A more perfect companionship, one on a higher intellectual level, or of more sustained mental activity, is nowhere recorded. Lewes's mercurial temperament contributed as much as the powerful mind of his consort to prevent their seclusion from degenerating into an owl's stagnation. To the very last (1878) he retained his extraordinary buoyancy. "Nothing but death could quench that bright flame. Even on his worst days he had always a good story to tell; and I remember on one occasion in the drawing-room at Witley, between two bouts of pain, he sang through with great *brío*, though without much voice, the greater portion of the tenor part in "The Barber of Seville," George Eliot playing his accompaniment, and both of them thoroughly enjoying the fun" (iii. 334). All this gaiety, his inexhaustible vivacity, the facility of his transitions from brilliant levity to a keen seriousness, the readiness of his mental response, and the wide range of intellectual accomplishments that were much more than superficial, made him a source of incessant and varied stimulation. Even those, and there were some, who thought that his gaiety bordered on flippancy, that his genial self-content often came near to shockingly bad taste, and that his reminiscences of poor Mr. Fitzball and the greenroom and all the rest of the Bohemia in which he had once dwelt, too racy for his company, still found it hard to resist the alert intelligence with which he rose to every good topic, and the extraordinary heartiness and spontaneity with which the wholesome spring of human laughter was touched in him.

Lewes had plenty of egotism, not to give it a more unamiable name, but it never mastered his intellectual sincerity. George Eliot describes him as one of the few human beings she has known who will, in the heat of an argument, see, and straightway confess, that he is in the wrong, instead of trying to shift his ground or use any other device of vanity. "The intense happiness of our union," she wrote to a friend, "is derived in a high degree from the perfect freedom with which we each follow and declare our own impressions. In this respect I know *no* man so great as he — that irritation of opinion rouses no egotistic irritation in

him, and that he is ready to admit that another argument is the stronger, the moment his intellect recognizes it" (ii. 279). This will sound very easy to the dispassionate reader, because it is so obviously just and proper, but if the dispassionate reader ever tries, he may find the virtue not so easy as it looks. Finally, and above all, we can never forget in Lewes's case how much true elevation and stability of character was implied in the unceasing reverence, gratitude, and devotion with which for five-and-twenty years he treated her to whom he owed all his happiness, and who most truly, in his own words (ii. 76), had made his life a new birth.

The reader will be mistaken if he should infer from such passages as abound in her letters that George Eliot had any particular weakness for domestic or any other kind of idolatry. George Sand, in "*Lucrezia Floriani*," where she drew so unkind a picture of Chopin, has described her own life and character as marked by "a great facility for illusions, a blind benevolence of judgment, a tenderness of heart that was inexhaustible; consequently great precipitancy, many mistakes, much weakness, fits of heroic devotion to unworthy objects, enormous force applied to an end that was wretched in truth and fact, but sublime in her thought." George Eliot had none of this facility. Nor was general benignity in her at all of the poor kind that is incompatible with a great deal of particular censure. Universal benevolence never lulled an active critical faculty, nor did she conceive true humility as at all consisting in hiding from an impostor that you have found him out. Like Cardinal Newman, for whose beautiful passage at the end of the "*Apologia*" she expresses such richly deserved admiration (ii. 387), she unites to the gift of unction and brotherly love, a capacity for giving an extremely shrewd nip to a brother whom she does not love. Her passion for Thomas à Kempis did not prevent her, and there was no reason why it should, from dealing very faithfully with a friend, for instance (ii. 271); from describing Mr. Buckle as a conceited, ignorant man; or castigating Brougham and other people in slashing reviews; or otherwise from showing that great expansiveness of the affections went with a remarkably strong, hard, masculine, positive, judging head.

The benefits that George Eliot gained from her exclusive companionship with a man of lively talents were not without some compensating drawbacks. The

keen stimulation and incessant strain, unrelieved by variety of daily intercourse, and never diversified by participation in the external activities of the world, tended to bring about a loaded, over-conscious, over-anxious state of mind, which was not only not wholesome in itself, but was inconsistent with the full freshness and strength of artistic work. The presence of the real world in his life has, in all but one or two cases, been one element of the novelist's highest success in the world of imaginative creation. George Eliot had no greater favorite than Scott, and when a series of little books upon English men of letters was planned, she said that she thought that writer among us the happiest to whom it should fall to deal with Scott. But Scott lived full in the life of his fellow-men. Even of Wordsworth, her other favorite, though he was not a creative artist, we may say that he daily saturated himself in those natural elements and effects, which were the material, the suggestion, and the sustaining inspiration of his consoling and fortifying poetry. George Eliot did not live in the midst of her material, but aloof from it and outside of it. Heaven forbid that this should seem to be said by way of censure. Both her health and other considerations made all approach to busy sociability in any of its shapes both unwelcome and impossible. But in considering the relation of her manner of life to her work, her creations, her meditations, one cannot but see that when compared with some writers of her own sex and age, she is constantly bookish, artificial, and mannered. She is this because she fed her art too exclusively, first on the memories of her youth, and next from books, pictures, statues, instead of from the living model, as seen in its actual motion. It is direct calls and personal claims from without that make fiction alive. Jane Austen bore her part in the little world of the parlor that she described. The writer of "*Sylvia's Lovers*," whose work George Eliot appreciated with unaffected generosity (i. 305), was the mother of children, and was surrounded by the wholesome actualities of the family. The authors of "*Jane Eyre*" and "*Wuthering Heights*" passed their days in one long succession of wild, stormy, squalid, anxious, and miserable scenes — almost as romantic, as poetic, and as tragic, to use George Eliot's words, as their own stories. George Sand eagerly shared, even to the pitch of passionate tumult and disorder, in the emotions, the aspirations, the ardor, the great conflicts

and controversies of her time. In every one of these, their daily closeness to the real life of the world has given a vitality to their work which we hardly expect that even the next generation will find in more than one or two of the romances of George Eliot. It may even come to pass that their position will be to hers as that of Fielding is to Richardson in our own day.

In a letter to Mr. Harrison, which is printed here (ii. 441), George Eliot describes her own method, as "the severe effort of trying to make certain ideas thoroughly incarnate, as if they had revealed themselves to me first in the flesh and not in the spirit." The passage recalls a discussion one day at the Priory in 1877. She was speaking of the different methods of the poetic or creative art, and said that she began with moods, thoughts, passions, and then invented the story for their sake, and fitted it to them; Shakespeare, on the other hand, picked up a story that struck him, and then proceeded to work in the moods, thoughts, passions, as they came to him in the course of meditation on the story. We hardly need the result to convince us that Shakespeare chose the better part.

The influence of her reserved fashion of daily life was heightened by the literary exclusiveness which of set purpose she imposed upon herself. "The less an author hears about himself," she says in one place, "the better." "It is my rule very strictly observed, not to read the criticisms on my writings. For years I have found this abstinence necessary to preserve me from that discouragement as an artist, which ill-judged praise, no less than ill-judged blame, tends to produce in us." George Eliot pushed this repugnance to criticism beyond the personal reaction of it upon the artist, and more than disparaged its utility, even in the most competent and highly trained hands. She finds that the diseased spot in the literary culture of our time is touched with the finest point by the saying of La Bruyère, that "the pleasure of criticism robs us of the pleasure of being keenly moved by very fine things" (iii. 327). "It seems to me," she writes (ii. 412), "much better to read a man's own writings, than to read what others say about him, especially when the man is first-rate and the others third-rate. As Goethe said long ago about Spinoza, 'I always preferred to learn from the man himself what he thought, rather than to hear from some one else what he ought to have thought.'" As if the scholar will not always be glad

to do both, to study his author and not to refuse the help of the rightly prepared commentator; as if even Goethe himself would not have been all the better acquainted with Spinoza, if he could have read Mr. Pollock's book upon him. But on this question Mr. Arnold has fought a brilliant battle, and to him George Eliot's heresies may well be left.

On the personal point whether an author should ever hear of himself, George Eliot oddly enough contradicts herself in a casual remark upon Bulwer. "I have a great respect," she says, "for the energetic industry which has made the most of his powers. He has been writing diligently for more than thirty years, constantly improving his position, and profiting by the lessons of public opinion and of other writers" (ii. 322). But if it is true that the less an author hears about himself the better, how are these salutary "lessons of public opinion" to penetrate to him? "Rubens," she says, writing from Munich, in 1858 (ii. 28), "gives me more pleasure than any other painter whether right or wrong. More than any one else he makes me feel that painting is a great art, and that he was a great artist. His are such real breathing men and women, moved by passions, not mincing, and grimacing, and posing in mere imitation of passion." But Rubens did not concentrate his intellect on his own ponderings, nor shut out the wholesome chastenings of praise and blame, lest they should discourage his inspiration. Beethoven, another of the chief objects of George Eliot's veneration, bore all the rough stress of an active and troublesome calling, though of the musician, if of any, we may say, that his is the art of self-absorption.

Hence, delightful and inspiring as it is to read this story of diligent and discriminating cultivation, of accurate truth and real erudition and beauty, not vaguely but methodically interpreted, one has some of the sensations of the moral and intellectual hothouse. Mental hygiene is apt to lead to mental valetudinarianism. The "ignorant journalist" may be left to the torment which George Eliot wished that she could inflict on one of those literary slovens whose manuscripts bring even the most philosophic editor to the point of exasperation: "I should like to stick red-hot skewers through the writer, whose style is as sprawling as his handwriting." By all means. But much that even the most sympathetic reader finds repellent in George Eliot's later work might per-

haps never have been, if Mr. Lewes had not practised with more than Russian rigor a censorship of the press and the post-office which kept every disagreeable whisper scrupulously from her ear. To stop every draft with sandbags, screens, and curtains, and to limit one's exercise to a drive in a well-warmed brougham with the windows drawn up, may save a few annoying colds in the head, but the end of the process will be the manufacture of an invalid.

Whatever view we may take of the precise connection between what she read, or abstained from reading, and what she wrote, no studious man or woman can look without admiration and envy on the breadth, variety, seriousness, and energy, with which she set herself her tasks and executed them. She says in one of her letters, "There is something more piteous almost than soapless poverty in the application of feminine incapacity to literature" (ii. 16). Nobody has ever taken the responsibilities of literature more ardently in earnest. She was accustomed to read aloud to Mr. Lewes three hours a day, and her private reading, except when she was engaged in the actual stress of composition, must have filled as many more. His extraordinary alacrity and her brooding intensity of mind, prevented these hours from being that leisurely process in slippers and easy-chair which passes with many for the practice of literary cultivation. Much of her reading was for the direct purposes of her own work. The young lady who begins to write historic novels out of her own head will find something much to her advantage if she will refer to the list of books read by George Eliot during the latter half of 1861, when she was meditating "Romola" (ii. 325). Apart from immediate needs and uses, no student of our time has known better the solace, the delight, the guidance that abide in great writings. Nobody who did not share the scholar's enthusiasm could have described the blind scholar in his library in the adorable fifth chapter of "Romola;" and we feel that she must have copied out with keen gusto of her own those words of Petrarch which she puts into old Bardo's mouth, "*Libri medullitus delectant, colloquuntur, consulunt, et viva quadam nobis atque arguta familiaritate junguntur.*"

As for books that are not books, as Milton bade us do with "neat repasts with wine," she wisely spared to interpose them oft. Her standards of knowledge were those of the erudite and the savant,

and even in the region of beauty she was never content with any but definite impressions. In one place in these volumes, by the way, she makes a remark curiously inconsistent with the usual scientific attitude of her mind. She has been reading Darwin's "Origin of Species," on which she makes the truly astonishing criticism that it is "sadly wanting in illustrative facts," and that "it is not impressive from want of luminous and orderly presentation" (ii. 43-48). Then she says that "the development theory, and all other explanation of processes by which things came to be produce a feeble impression compared with the mystery that lies under processes." This position it does not now concern us to discuss, but at least it is in singular discrepancy with her strong habitual preference for accurate and quantitative knowledge, over vague and misty moods in the region of the unknowable and the unreachable.

George Eliot's means of access to books were very full. She knew French, German, Italian, and Spanish accurately. Greek and Latin, Mr. Cross tells us, she could read with thorough delight to herself; though after the appalling specimen of Mill's juvenile Latinity that Mr. Bain has disinterred, the fastidious collegian may be sceptical of the scholarship of prodigies. Hebrew was her favorite study to the end of her days. People commonly supposed that she had been inoculated with an artificial taste for science by her companion. We now learn that she took a decided interest in natural science long before she made Mr. Lewes's acquaintance, and many of the roundabout pedantries that displeased people in her latest writings, and were set down to his account, appeared in her composition before she had ever exchanged a word with him.

All who knew her well enough were aware that she had what Mr. Cross describes as "limitless persistency in application." This is an old account of genius, but nobody illustrates more effectively the infinite capacity of taking pains. In reading, in looking at pictures, in playing difficult music, in talking, she was equally importunate in the search, and equally insistent on mastery. Her faculty of sustained concentration was part of her immense intellectual power. "Continuous thought did not fatigue her. She could keep her mind on the stretch hour after hour; the body might give way, but the brain remained unwearied" (iii. 422). It is only a trifling illustration of the infection of her indefatigable quality of taking

pains, that Lewes should have formed the important habit of re-writing every page of his work, even of short articles for reviews, before letting it go to the press. The journal shows what sore pain and travail composition was to her. She wrote the last volume of "Adam Bede" in six weeks; she "could not help writing it fast, because it was written under the stress of emotion." But what a prodigious contrast between her pace, and Walter Scott's twelve volumes a year! Like many other people of powerful brains, she united strong and clear general retentiveness, with a weak and untrustworthy verbal memory. "She never could trust herself to write a quotation without verifying it." "What courage and patience," she says of some one else, "are wanted for every life that aims to produce anything," and her own existence was one long and painful sermon on that text.

Over few lives have the clouds of mental dejection hung in such heavy, unmoving banks. Nearly every chapter is strewn with melancholy words. "I cannot help thinking more of your illness than of the pleasure in prospect—according to my foolish nature, which is always prone to live in past pain." The same sentiment is the mournful refrain that runs through all. Her first resounding triumph, the success of "Adam Bede," instead of buoyancy and exultation, only adds a fresh sense of the weight upon her future life. "The self-questioning whether my nature will be able to meet the heavy demands upon it, both of personal duty and intellectual production—presses upon me almost continually in a way that prevents me even from tasting the quiet joy I might have in the *work done*. I feel no regret that the fame, as such, brings no pleasure; but it *is* a grief to me that I do not constantly feel strong in thankfulness that my past life has vindicated its uses."

"Romola" seems to have been composed in constant gloom. "I remember my wife telling me, at Witley," says Mr. Cross, "how cruelly she had suffered at Dorking from working under a leaden weight at this time. The writing of 'Romola' ploughed into her more than any of her other books. She told me she could put her finger on it as marking a well-defined transition in her life. In her own words, 'I began it a young woman—I finished it an old woman.'" She calls upon herself to make "greater efforts against indolence and the despondency that comes from too egoistic a dread of failure." "This is the last entry I mean

to make in my old book in which I wrote for the first time at Geneva in 1849. What moments of despair I passed through after that—despair that life would ever be made precious to me by the consciousness that I lived to some good purpose! It was that sort of despair that sucked away the sap of half the hours which might have been filled by energetic youthful activity; and the same demon tries to get hold of me again whenever an old work is dismissed, and a new one is being meditated" (ii. 307). One day the entry is: "Horrible scepticism about all things paralyzing my mind. Shall I ever be good for anything again? Ever do anything again?" On another, she describes herself to a trusted friend as "a mind morbidly desponding, and a consciousness tending more and more to consist in memories of error and imperfection rather than in a strengthening sense of achievement." We have to turn to such books as Bunyan's "Grace Abounding" to find any parallel to such wretchedness.

Times were not wanting when the sun strove to shine through the gloom, when the resistance to melancholy was not wholly a failure, and when, as she says, she felt that Dante was right in condemning to the Stygian marsh those who had been sad under the blessed sunlight. "Sad were we in the sweet air that is gladdened by the sun, bearing sluggish smoke in our hearts; now lie we sadly here in the black ooze." But still for the most part sad she remained in the sweet air, and the look of pain that haunted her eyes and brow even in her most genial and animated moments, only told too truly the story of her inner life.

That from this central gloom a shadow should spread to her work was unavoidable. It would be rash to compare George Eliot with Tacitus, with Dante, with Pascal. A novelist—for as a poet, after trying hard to think otherwise, most of us find her magnificent but unreadable—as a novelist bound by the conditions of her art to deal in a thousand trivialities of human character and situation, she has none of their severity of form. But she alone of moderns has their note of sharp-cut melancholy, of sombre rumination, of brief disdain. Living in a time when humanity has been raised, whether formally or informally, into a religion, she draws a painted curtain of pity before the tragic scene. Still the attentive ear catches from time to time the accents of an unrelenting voice, that proves her kindred with those three mighty spirits and stern

monitors of men. In George Eliot, a reader with a conscience may be reminded of the saying that when a man opens Tacitus he puts himself in the confessional. She was no vague dreamer over the folly and the weakness of men, and the cruelty and blindness of destiny. Hers is not the dejection of the poet who "could lie down like a tired child, and weep away this life of care," as Shelley at Naples; nor is it the despairing misery that moved Cowper in the awful verses of "The Cast away." It was not such self-pity as wrung from Burns the cry to life, —

Thou art a galling load,
 Along a rough, a weary road,
 To wretches such as I;

nor such general sense of the woes of the race as made Keats think of the world as a place where men sit and hear each other groan, "Where but to think is to be full of sorrow, and leaden-eyed despairs." She was as far removed from the plangent reverie of Rousseau as from the savage truculence of Swift. Intellectual training had given her the spirit of order and proportion, of definiteness and measure, and this marks her alike from the great sentimentalists and the sweeping satirists. "Pity and fairness," as she beautifully says (iii. 317), "are two little words which, carried out, would embrace the utmost delicacies of the moral life." But hers is not seldom the severe fairness of the judge, and the pity that may go with putting on the black cap after a conviction for high treason. In the midst of many an easy, flowing page, the reader is surprised by some bitter aside, some judgment of intense and concentrated irony with the flash of a blade in it, some biting sentence where lurks the stern disdain and the anger of Tacitus, and Dante, and Pascal. Souls like these are not born for happiness.

This is not the occasion for an elaborate discussion of George Eliot's place in the mental history of her time, but her biography shows that she travelled along the road that was trodden by not a few in her day. She started from that fervid Evangelicalism which has made the base of many a powerful character in this century, from Cardinal Newman downwards. Then with curious rapidity she threw it all off, and embraced with equal zeal the rather harsh and crude negations which were then associated with the *Westminster Review*. The second stage did not last much longer than the first. "Religious and moral sympathy with the historical life of man," she

said (ii. 363), "is the larger half of culture;" and this sympathy, which was the fruit of her culture, had by the time she was thirty become the new seed of a positive faith and a semi-conservative creed. Here is a passage from a letter of 1862 (she had translated Strauss, we may remind ourselves, in 1845, and Feuerbach in 1854): —

Pray don't ask me ever again not to rob a man of his religious belief, as if you thought my mind tended to such robbery. I have too profound a conviction of the efficacy that lies in all sincere faith, and the spiritual blight that comes with no-faith, to have any negative propagandism in me. In fact, I have very little sympathy with Freethinkers as a class, and have lost all interest in mere antagonism to religious doctrines. I care only to know, if possible, the lasting meaning that lies in all religious doctrine from the beginning till now (ii. 243).

Eleven years later the same tendency had deepened and gone further: —

All the great religions of the world, historically considered, are rightly the objects of deep reverence and sympathy — they are the record of spiritual struggles, which are the types of our own. This is to me pre-eminently true of Hebrewism and Christianity, on which my own youth was nourished. And in this sense I have no antagonism towards any religious belief, but a strong outflow of sympathy. Every community met to worship the highest God (which is understood to be expressed by God) carries me along in its main current; and if there were not reasons against my following such an inclination, I should go to church or chapel, constantly, for the sake of the delightful emotions of fellowship which come over me in religious assemblies — the very nature of such assemblies being the recognition of a binding belief or spiritual law, which is to lift us into willing obedience, and save us from the slavery of unregulated passion or impulse. And with regard to other people, it seems to me that those who have no definite conviction which constitutes a protesting faith, may often more beneficially cherish the good within them and be better members of society by a conformity based on the recognized good in the public belief, than by a nonconformity which has nothing but negatives to utter. *Not*, of course, if the conformity would be accompanied by a consciousness of hypocrisy. That is a question for the individual conscience to settle. But there is enough to be said on the different points of view from which conformity may be regarded, to hinder a ready judgment against those who continue to conform after ceasing to believe in the ordinary sense. But with the utmost largeness of allowance for the difficulty of deciding in special cases, it must remain true that the highest lot is to have definite beliefs about which you feel that

"necessity is laid upon you" to declare them, as something better which you are bound to try and give to those who have the worse (iii. 215-217).

These volumes contain many passages in the same sense—as, of course, her books contain them too. She was a constant reader of the Bible, and the "Imitatio" was never far from her hand. "She particularly enjoyed reading aloud some of the finest chapters of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and St. Paul's Epistles. The Bible and our elder English poets best suited the organ-like tones of her voice, which required for their full effect a certain solemnity and majesty of rhythm." She once expressed to a younger friend, who shared her opinions, her sense of the loss which they had in being unable to practise the old ordinances of family prayer. "I hope," she says, "we are well out of that phase in which the most philosophic view of the past was held to be a smiling survey of human folly, and when the wisest man was supposed to be one who could sympathize with no age but the age to come" (ii. 308).

For this wise reaction she was no doubt partially indebted, as so many others have been, to the teaching of Comte. Unquestionably the fundamental ideas had come into her mind at a much earlier period, when, for example, she was reading Mr. R. W. Mackay's "Progress of the Intellect" (1850, i. 253). But it was Comte who enabled her to systematize these ideas, and to give them that "definiteness," which, as these pages show in a hundred places, was the quality that she sought before all others alike in men and their thoughts. She always remained at a respectful distance from complete adherence to Comte's scheme, but she was never tired of protesting that he was a really great thinker, that his famous survey of the Middle Ages in the fifth volume of the "Positive Philosophy" was full of luminous ideas, and that she had thankfully learned much from it. Wordsworth, again, was dear to her in no small degree on the strength of such passages as that from "The Prelude," which is the motto of one of the last chapters of her last novel:—

The human nature with which I felt
That I belonged and revered with love,
Was not a persistent presence, but a spirit
Diffused through time and space, with aid derived
Of evidence from monuments, erect,
Prostrate, or leaning towards their common
rest

In earth, the widely scattered wreck sublime
Of vanished nations.

Or this again, also from "The Prelude," (see iii. 389):—

There is
One great society alone on earth:
The noble Living and the noble Dead.

Underneath this growth and diversity of opinion we see George Eliot's oneness of character, just, for that matter, as we see it in Mill's long and grave march from the uncompromising denials instilled into him by his father, then through Wordsworthian mysticism and Coleridgean conservatism, down to the pale belief and dim, starlight faith of his posthumous volume. George Eliot was more austere, more unflinching, and of ruder intellectual constancy than Mill. She never withdrew from the position that she had taken up, of denying and rejecting; she stood to that to the end: what she did was to advance to the far higher perception that denial and rejection are not the aspects best worth attending to or dwelling upon. She had little patience with those who fear that the doctrine of protoplasm must dry up the springs of human effort. Any one who trembles at that catastrophe may profit by a powerful remonstrance of hers in the pages before us (iii. 245-250, also 228).

The consideration of molecular physics is not the direct ground of human love and moral action, any more than it is the direct means of composing a noble picture or of enjoying great music. One might as well hope to dissect one's own body and be merry in doing it, as take molecular physics (in which you must banish from your field of view what is specifically human) to be your dominant guide, your determiner of motives, in what is solely human. That every study has its bearing on every other is true; but pain and relief, love and sorrow, have their peculiar history which make an experience and knowledge over and above the swing of atoms.

With regard to the pains and limitations of one's personal lot, I suppose there is not a single man or woman, who has not more or less need of that stoical resignation which is often a hidden heroism, or who, in considering his or her past history, is not aware that it has been cruelly affected by the ignorant or selfish action of some fellow-being in a more or less close relation of life. And to my mind, there can be no stronger motive, than this perception, to an energetic effort that the lives nearest to us shall not suffer in a like manner from us.

As to duration and the way in which it affects your view of the human history, what is really the difference to your imagination

between infinitude and billions when you have to consider the value of human experience? Will you say that since your life has a term of threescore years and ten, it was really a matter of indifference whether you were a cripple with a wretched skin disease, or an active creature with a mind at large for the enjoyment of knowledge, and with a nature which has attracted others to you?

For herself, she remained in the position described in one of her letters in 1860 (ii. 283): "I have faith in the working out of higher possibilities than the Catholic or any other Church has presented; and those who have strength to wait and endure are bound to accept no formula which their whole souls—their intellect, as well as their emotions—do not embrace with entire reverence. The highest calling and election is *to do without opium*, and live through all our pain with conscious, clear-eyed endurance." She would never accept the common optimism. As she says here: "Life, though a good to men on the whole, is a doubtful good to many, and to some not a good at all. To my thought it is a source of constant mental distortion to make the denial of this a part of religion—to go on pretending things are better than they are."

Of the afflicting dealings with the world of spirits, which in those days were comparatively limited to the untutored minds of America, but which since have come to exert so singular a fascination for some of the most brilliant of George Eliot's younger friends (see iii. 204), she thought as any sensible Philistine among us persists in thinking to this day:—

If it were another spirit aping Charlotte Brontë—if here and there at rare spots and among people of a certain temperament, or even at many spots and among people of all temperaments, tricky spirits are liable to rise as a sort of earth-bubbles and set furniture in movement, and tell things which we either know already or should be as well without knowing—I must frankly confess that I have but a feeble interest in these doings, feeling my life very short for the supreme and awful revelations of a more orderly and intelligible kind which I shall die with an imperfect knowledge of. If there were miserable spirits whom we could help—then I think we should pause and have patience with their trivial-mindedness; but otherwise I don't feel bound to study them more than I am bound to study the special follies of a peculiar phase of human society. Others, who feel differently, and are attracted towards this study, are making an experiment for us as to whether anything better than bewilderment can come of it. At present it seems to me that to rest any fundamental part of religion on such a basis is a

melancholy misguidance of men's minds from the true sources of high and pure emotion (iii. 161).

The period of George Eliot's productions was from 1856, the date of her first stories, down to 1876, when she wrote, not under her brightest star, her last novel of "Daniel Deronda." During this time the great literary influences of the epoch immediately preceding had not indeed fallen silent, but the most fruitful seed had been sown. Carlyle's "Sartor" (1833-4), and his "Miscellaneous Essays" (collected, 1839,) were in all hands; but he had fallen into the terrible slough of his Prussian history (1858-65), and the last word of his evangel had gone forth to all whom it concerned. "In Memoriam," whose noble music and deep-browed thought awoke such new and wide response in men's hearts, was published in 1850. The second volume of "Modern Painters," of which I have heard George Eliot say, as of "In Memoriam" too, that she owed much and very much to it, belongs to an earlier date still (1846), and when it appeared, though George Eliot was born in the same year as its author, she was still translating Strauss at Coventry. Mr. Browning, for whose genius she had such admiration, and who was always so good a friend, did indeed produce during this period some work which the adepts find as full of power and beauty as any that ever came from his pen. But Mr. Browning's genius has moved rather apart from the general currents of his time, creating character and working out motives from within, undisturbed by transient shadows from the passing questions and answers of the day.

The romantic movement was then upon its fall. The great Oxford movement, which besides its purely ecclesiastical effects, had linked English religion once more to human history, and which was itself one of the unexpected outcomes of the romantic movement, had spent its original force, and no longer interested the stronger minds among the rising generation. The hour had sounded for the scientific movement. In 1859 was published the "Origin of Species," undoubtedly the most far-reaching agency of the time, supported as it was by a volume of new knowledge which came pouring in from many sides. The same period saw the important speculations of Mr. Spencer, whose influence on George Eliot had from their first acquaintance been of a very decisive kind. Two years after the "Origin of Species" came Maine's "Ancient

Law," and that was followed by the accumulations of Mr. Tylor and others, exhibiting order and fixed correlation among great sets of facts which had hitherto lain in that cheerful chaos of general knowledge which has been called general ignorance. The excitement was immense. Evolution, development, heredity, adaptation, variety, survival, natural selection, were so many patent pass-keys that were to open every chamber.

George Eliot's novels, as they were the imaginative application of this great influx of new ideas, so they fitted in with the moods which those ideas had called up. "My function," she said (iii. 330), "is that of the æsthetic, not the doctrinal teacher — the rousing of the nobler emotions which make make mankind desire the social right, not the prescribing of special measures, concerning which the artistic mind, however strongly moved by social sympathy, is often not the best judge." Her influence in this direction over serious and impressionable minds was great indeed. The spirit of her art exactly harmonized with the new thoughts that were shaking the world of her contemporaries. Other artists had drawn their pictures with a strong ethical background, but she gave a finer color and a more spacious air to her ethics, by showing the individual passions and emotions of her characters, their adventures and their fortunes, as evolving themselves from long series of antecedent causes, and bound up with many widely operating forces and distant events. Here, too, we find ourselves in the full stream of evolution, heredity, survival, and fixed inexorable law.

This scientific quality of her work may be considered to have stood in the way of her own aim. That the nobler emotions roused by her writings tend to "make mankind desire the social right," is not to be doubted; but we are not sure that she imparts peculiar energy to the desire. What she kindles is not a very strenuous, aggressive, and operative desire. The sense of the iron limitations that are set to improvement in present and future by inexorable forces of the past, is stronger in her than any intrepid resolution to press on to whatever improvement may chance to be within reach if we only make the attempt. In energy, in inspiration, in the kindling of living faith in social effort, George Sand, not to speak of Mazzini, takes a far higher place.

It was certainly not the business of an artist to form judgments in the sphere of practical politics, but George Eliot was

far too humane a nature not to be deeply moved by momentous events as they passed. Yet her observations, at any rate after 1848, seldom show that energy of sympathy of which we have been speaking, and these observations illustrate our point. We can hardly think that anything was ever said about the great civil war in America, so curiously far-fetched as the following reflection: "My best consolation is that an example on so tremendous a scale of the need for the education of mankind through the affections and sentiments, as a basis for true development, will have a strong influence on all thinkers, and be a check to the arid narrow antagonism which in some quarters is held to be the only form of liberal thought" (ii. 335).

In 1848, as we have said, she felt the hopes of the hour in all their fulness. To a friend she writes (i. 179): "You and Carlyle (have you seen his article in last week's *Examiner*?) are the only two people who feel just as I would have them — who can glory in what is actually great and beautiful without putting forth any cold reservations and incredulities to save their credit for wisdom. I am all the more delighted with your enthusiasm because I didn't expect it. I feared that you lacked revolutionary ardor. But no — you are just as *sans-culottish* and rash as I would have you. You are not one of those sages whose reason keeps so tight a rein on their emotions that they are too constantly occupied in calculating consequences to rejoice in any great manifestation of the forces that underlie our everyday existence.

"I thought we had fallen on such evil days that we were to see no really great movement — that ours was what St. Simon calls a purely critical epoch, not at all an organic one; but I begin to be glad of my date. I would consent, however, to have a year clipt off my life for the sake of witnessing such a scene as that of the men of the barricades bowing to the image of Christ, 'who first taught fraternity to men.' One trembles to look into every fresh newspaper lest there should be something to mar the picture; but hitherto even the scoffing newspaper critics have been compelled into a tone of genuine respect for the French people and the Provisional Government. Lamartine can act a poem if he cannot write one of the very first order. I hope that beautiful face given to him in the pictorial newspaper is really his: it is worthy of an aureole. I have little patience with peo-

ple who can find time to pity Louis Philippe and his moustachioed sons. Certainly our decayed monarchs should be pensioned off: we should have a hospital for them, or a sort of zoological garden, where these worn-out humbugs may be preserved. It is but justice that we should keep them, since we have spoiled them for any honest trade. Let them sit on soft cushions, and have their dinner regularly, but, for heaven's sake, preserve me from sentimentalizing over a pampered old man when the earth has its millions of unfed souls and bodies. Surely he is not so Ahab like as to wish that the revolution had been deferred till his son's days: and I think the shades of the Stuarts would have some reason to complain if Bourbons, who are so little better than they, had been allowed to reign much longer."

The hopes of '48 were not very accurately fulfilled, and in George Eliot they never came to life again. Yet in social things we may be sure that undying hope is the secret of vision.

There is a passage in Coleridge's "Friend" which seems to represent the outcome of George Eliot's teaching on most, and not the worst, of her readers: "The tangle of delusions," says Coleridge, "which stifled and distorted the growing tree of our well-being has been torn away; the parasite weeds that fed on its very roots have been plucked up with a salutary violence. To us there remain only quiet duties, the constant care, the gradual improvement, the cautious and un-hazardous labors of the industrious though contented gardener—to prune, to strengthen, to engraft, and one by one to remove from its leaves and fresh shoots the slug and the caterpillar." Coleridge goes further than George Eliot, when he adds the exhortation, "Far be it from us to undervalue with light and senseless detraction the conscientious hardihood of our predecessors, or even to condemn in them that vehemence to which the blessings it won for us leave us now neither temptation nor pretext."

George Eliot disliked vehemence more and more as her work advanced. The word "crudity," so frequently on her lips, stood for all that was objectionable and distasteful. The conservatism of an artistic moral nature was shocked by the seeming peril to which priceless moral elements of human character were exposed by the energumens of progress. Their impatient hopes for the present appear to her rather unscientific; their

disregard of the past, very irreverent and impious. Mill had the same feeling when he disgusted his father by standing up for Wordsworth, on the ground that Wordsworth was helping to keep alive in human nature elements which utilitarians and innovators would need when their present and particular work was done. Mill, being free from the exaltations that make the artist, kept a truer balance. His famous pair of essays on Bentham and Coleridge were published (for the first time, so far as our generation was concerned) in the same year as "Adam Bede," and I can vividly remember how the "Coleridge" first awoke in many of us, who were then youths at Oxford, that sense of truth having many mansions, and that desire and power of sympathy with the past, with the positive bases of the social fabric, and with the value of permanence in States, which form the reputable side of all conservatism. This sentiment and conviction never took richer or more mature form than in the best work of George Eliot, and her stories lighted up with a fervid glow the truths that minds of another type had just brought to the surface. It was this that made her a great moral force at that epoch, especially for all who were capable by intellectual training of standing at her point of view. We even, as I have said, tried hard to love her poetry, but the effort has ended less in love than in a very distant homage to the majestic in intention and the sonorous in execution. In fiction, too, as the years go by, we begin to crave more fancy, illusion, enchantment, than the quality of her genius allowed. But the loftiness of her character is abiding, and it passes nobly through the ordeal of an honest biography. "For the lessons," says the fine critic already quoted, "most imperatively needed by the mass of men, the lessons of deliberate kindness, of careful truth, of unwavering endeavor,—for these plain themes one could not ask a more convincing teacher than she whom we are commemorating now. Everything in her aspect and presence was in keeping with the bent of her soul. The deeply lined face, the too marked and massive features, were united with an air of delicate refinement, which in one way was the more impressive because it seemed to proceed so entirely from within. Nay, the inward beauty would sometimes quite transform the external harshness; there would be moments when the thin hands that entwined themselves in their eagerness, the earnest figure that bowed forward to speak

and hear, the deep gaze moving from one face to another with a grave appeal, — all these seemed the transparent symbols that showed the presence of a wise, benignant soul." As a wise, benignant soul George Eliot will still remain for all right-judging men and women.

JOHN MORLEY.

From Good Words.

THE NEW MANAGER.

BY KATHERINE SAUNDERS.

AUTHOR OF "GIDDEON'S ROCK," "THE HIGH MILLS," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

SOPHIE JOLLIFFE.

MRS. JOLLIFFE, who was the only member of either partner's household who professed a dislike for the brewery, declared the house had been built with a direct view to the discomfort and inconvenience of its inmates.

Her chief objection to it was that the business offices had been built in the very centre of the ground floor, on each side the once spacious hall of the old manor-house. The front entrance was therefore all but useless to the family during business hours, and unless in some special haste, the ladies went round to the town through the orchard and garden at the back.

All day the front door was understood to belong to the business premises, and to be used by the family or visitors to the family by favor. Private callers knew this, and came with a knock of apologetic gentleness, and glided down the passage past the offices, with the air of trespassers.

But in the evening the household, as though in revenge for having been so shut in upon itself all day, breaks out and invades the brewery premises without ceremony. Servants take their work or enjoy their romp in the silent yards, blow the yeast about in the stallion room, make use of the clean casks for seats, or shoe-cleaning tables, or any purpose they like.

Windows, like so many awakening eyes, open all over the house, letting the inner brightness, concealed all day, peep out in the glow of rich old furniture, gilt picture-frames, quaint coloring of porcelain vases, a glow of well-bound books, rich-hued curtains, flowers, ethereal azaleas or dazzling cluster of Vanthol tulips.

The kitchen door is now open and cook

sips her tea at the table, reviewing with a severely critical eye her forces ranged ready for cooking on the long dresser in sight of the yard. But on the whole they bear the ordeal of her scrutiny remarkably well. The fowls are certainly white and plump enough now, whatever they may have been before her skilful stuffing and trussing. The bundle of asparagus has a beautiful blue-green bloom that tells of its very recent arrival from the garden, and the pared potatoes under water have not an eye left to offend hers. As for the shelled peas they could scarcely have been more of a size had they all come out of one pod. The eyes of the silver-grey salmon are as bright as though it still retained life enough to resent the uncomfortable curl in which its body is tied.

The front door is thrown open, and a bright carpet laid down from it to the warm and cheerful interior of the house.

This pleasant change in the Pelican's aspect had just taken place when the new manager arrived, on the evening of the Saturday Jolliffe had given notice of his coming.

Not that business was quite over yet — but as it was time it should have been over, the household had in a manner taken possession.

Mr. Jolliffe was still busy in his private office, which although furnished with the very strictest view to business, was also the most comfortable room in the house. Its leather-covered chairs, so solid and sober-looking, had a sly luxuriousness of their own no one suspected till seated a little while. The low, broad-topped fender had a power of inviting and drawing the feet to the fire which always burnt there summer and winter, for the deep bay window, with its wire blinds below meeting its Venetian blinds above, let in but a subdued sunshine, that never alone rendered the room warm enough for Jolliffe.

The long, low, leather-covered table had now piles of half-crowns, and piles of coppers, and rouleaus of gold, and little hillocks of sixpences and smaller silver. There were also letters, bills, lush new swan-quills in generous profusion and picturesque disorder. The miniature sacks containing specimens of malt, were as neatly made and tied up, and the tiny squares of dried hops as sharply and neatly cut, as though they had been presented for the Pelican's inspection by merchants from fairyland.

Jolliffe was short and stout, fair and florid, blue and sanguine of eye, silver-haired. He had fresh-looking lips that

were constantly quivering with a merry saying, even though they often dared not give it utterance. He was possessed of "a meek and quiet spirit" that beamed in his comely old face and gave one almost a reverence for his silver hair, yet there was that about him of unmistakable evidence that he loved a little too much, like Isaac, the savory meats of life. His wife was a scold, and her vulgarity and love of interfering with her neighbors had very early in life deterred Jolliffe from entering the Church, for which he had been educated. He fell back, however, with perfect good-humor and content on the comforts she could give him in return for the honors he had lost, which comforts consisted of good dinners and perfect freedom from household concerns. She had brought up his daughter well, and, in short, left him to a life of ease and comparative idleness.

Jolliffe's rosy, genial face, violet velvet skull cap and the open cheque-book on the table before him, added to the look of comfort and prosperity the room already wore.

Even Mrs. Jolliffe, when fully convinced there was no avoiding the dreaded intrusion of "Lovibond's man," had agreed, indeed insisted, that the intruder was to be impressed by everything being made the best of. It must be owned she had lent a finishing touch to the pleasing confusion of the table in the private office, and had herself seen to the irreproachable order of all else in the room.

"We must awe the man into common respect," she said, "or he will be wanting to give us out our tea and sugar by the week, and looking over the butcher's book. Let him know that, whatever he does in the brewery, I intend there shall be no stint in the house."

It was partly to teach the new-comer how little his arrival interfered with the arrangements of the family that this evening was chosen for inviting a few neighbors to a little music. If, too, he proved worth such consideration they might afterwards let the evening be passed off, as arranged, for his introduction to Mr. Hall and his pupils. Mr. Hall was the Messrs. McIntyre and Jolliffe's brewer, who lived in the large newly painted house in the High Street of Stoke Bassett. His pupils were generally referred to by Mrs. Jolliffe as "Hall's idiots," though Jolliffe declared they were young men of average intellect; and perhaps her objection to them was rather the necessity of asking them occasionally to Sophie's little parties than their want of mental power.

However it might be, they were expected on that particular Saturday evening, and were being freely discussed by their hostess and her future son-in-law, Mr. Keith Cameron, who stood where he could command a good view of his classical head in the drawing-room mirror. If his blue eyes had kindled and dilated when looking into Sophie's as they did when they looked into the reflection of themselves in the glass, she must have been a cold-hearted girl indeed to withstand them. But that peculiar brightness came only from a sudden encounter with themselves; and the habitual languor and absent-mindedness came back when they turned to duller objects.

Sophie was not down yet, and Mrs. Jolliffe was touching the weak petals of the tulips, which, she said, "those clumsy louts of Hall's would be sure to knock to pieces."

Mr. Keith Cameron said he thought everything about a brewery very nice except such cad as the brewer's pupils, and gave Mrs. Jolliffe his heartfelt sympathy in having to invite them into her domestic circle.

"I suppose," he observed, looking with visible reluctance from the mirror to Mrs. Jolliffe's plump, impatient fingers among the Vanthols, "we shall have the seraphic tenor in great force to-night."

Mrs. Jolliffe's brows contracted slightly, and her double chin as slightly elevated itself.

"Oh, as to Mr. Dwining's voice," she answered rather quickly, "I like it very much, and indeed if the other two were as unaffected as he is I should not mind them. Young Dwining's really good nature never reminds you he has money and good expectations. In fact there's not a touch of conceit or vanity about him. I do so hate a vain man."

Mrs. Jolliffe's cheeks were hot as she finished the sentence, and she gave such a shake to one golden cup in the Vanthol group that it fell all to pieces, though it might well have lasted in beauty through the evening.

"I think Dwining is vain in one way," averred Mr. Cameron, with more animation than he usually showed. "If not, he wouldn't have presumed to ask Sophie if she were really engaged to me. What difference does the young cad suppose it could make to him?"

Mrs. Jolliffe stood with her head thrown back and the fallen petals in her hand. Had Jolliffe seen her so he would have beaten a retreat as soon as possible, but

the inexperienced Keith was not on his guard, and added, in a more lengthened drawl than usual, —

"If the young malt-squasher had been worth a thrashing, he should have had one before I had the pleasure of listening to his yelling this evening."

Mrs. Jolliffe, it is true, was constantly professing an abhorrence for the brewery, but that others should in any way throw contempt on it, or those connected with it, was a very different thing. She turned, clenching the tulip petals in her hand, looking at her daughter's betrothed with eyes whose anger he could not easily mistake, and said, —

"If there is anything contemptible in Mr. Dwining's pursuit, or work, or whatever you like to call it, it is hardly good taste for one who proposes connecting himself with a proprietor of this house — to find it out."

"Now, my dear Mrs. Jolliffe," cried Keith, affecting a tone of impatience but really feeling a little alarmed, "you know I like the brewery of all things, but it has its cads like every other place, though of course if I had known you were so friendly towards Dwining, I shouldn't have said what I did."

The slightly jealous tone in which the last words were uttered soothed Mrs. Jolliffe's anger sufficiently to deter her from giving vent to the long-gathered impatience at which she called Cameron's "dilly-dallying." She had long been, as she told Jolliffe, within a hair's breadth of giving him her mind. As on other occasions, so now, she reserved the gift, and contented herself with merely wondering aloud "what could be detaining Sophie."

"It may be difficult to decorate to Dwining's taste," suggested Keith, sinking languidly into a chair by the open window that looked down upon the orchard.

Mrs. Jolliffe's brow cleared still more. What she most desired was to see Keith thoroughly jealous. *That* might stir him. Sophie might turn pitying, and so things be brought to a climax.

Before she could answer Sophie came into the room followed by Jolliffe, rubbing his hands with perfect self-complacency.

Sophie Jolliffe was not an artist's or poet's ideal of a lovely woman. She was so stout as to make her figure, of average height, appear much shorter. She was subject to nervousness and sudden flushing, apt to be abrupt and hard in manner. She was apparently rather inclined to disagree than to agree with people in ordi-

nary conversation, and very slow to admit fresh impressions and ideas into her mind. These are not attractive characteristics in face, figure, or intellect. But they were what impressed one at a first meeting with Sophie Jolliffe. They were all the faults she had, and those who knew and loved her excused even them. It was said she only seemed to disagree because she knew her own slowness of comprehension and hated false acquiescence. She had the most rigid ideas of truth and honesty, and would never play with either to relieve herself or others of embarrassment. She would rather appear awkward and rude than act a part or accept as real the pretence or affectation of others. It was more this sense of honor and unswerving straight-mindedness than any other mental attributes that gave her round English face the really noble and restful air it wore in repose. It may be imagined that with this high code of honor imposed on herself by her own free will, Sophie had suffered much in the knowledge of how her father and McIntyre managed, or rather mismanaged, business affairs. She had other causes too for the sadness those who knew her thought so inexplicable, disappointments in friendship, which were sure to come to one whose standard was so severe. She would break off with those who shocked her ideas of right, but she would continue to love and regret what she had put away from her. She had her own peculiar notions that she was weaker morally than most people, and needed all the stern discipline she gave herself. It was a hard, commonplace, unpractical sort of struggle, and she had no natural sparkle or vivacity of spirits to help her through it. Her sadness did not take a spiritual or interesting aspect and deprive her of appetite and sleep. The more miserable she felt the more inclined she was to fall into her father's weakness and set an undue importance on what there was for dinner, and to indulge in her natural tendency to heavy sleep.

Keith Cameron's love-making had brought something of a rose hue into her life's leaden sky, and a freshness and perfume to its thick, dull atmosphere. Whether it made her happier or not she could not tell — it at least made her know what she had hardly hoped before — that happiness was possible to her. For this she felt she owed him much gratitude, so much that in her high sense of honor she was not sure she did not owe him all she could give, her love, her life, herself. She was still struggling for light as to this, but

she feared it was so. It was the first matter of importance in her life on which she felt it only honorable to hesitate, and in her hesitation Keith and her own people chose to take her consent for granted, and though she always showed a gentle deprecation, she feared she was drifting into the future they desired for her.

As she came into the drawing-room with Jolliffe, Keith, glancing listlessly round, thought she looked prettier than usual. He had given her some not unnecessary hints on taste in dress, and was flattered to see she had followed them rigidly this evening. Her black satin dress subdued her fulness and color, and showed but half her well-shaped but too rosy arms. Her unusually thick and long brown hair was in neat classic coils close to her head, and in it and her bodice she wore the sprays of white heath he had given her.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEW MANAGER.

"OH, mamma!" cried Sophie, with far more than her usual animation, "I've seen the new manager, and like him decidedly. Papa's just shown him to his room."

"He's a very nice fellow," decided Jolliffe, rubbing his hands as he invariably did before dinner, to get them supple for his knife and fork. "I've had a chat with him in the office, and am quite favorably impressed."

"Of course you would be," commented Mrs. Jolliffe, throwing the tulip petals into the fire with an air of supreme contempt, "because you knew you wouldn't enjoy your dinner if you were not."

"Quite so, quite so, my dear," chuckled Jolliffe, winking at Keith. "You have the deepest insight into poor human nature of any woman I ever knew."

"There's that Hall and his cubs," said his wife, as a prolonged knock sounded through the house.

"Have I made the most of your flowers?" asked Sophie, sitting down in the window where it opened on the balcony over the orchard. This brought her almost as low as Keith's feet. He looked pleased, and answered with less than his accustomed languor as he glanced round the room, —

"Charming! charming!"

"This sheet of white out here," said Sophie, looking over her shoulder on the pear-trees, "seems to throw out the colors so."

"Ye—es," replied Keith, "especially of the roses on somebody's cheeks."

"The rosewood mahogany, you mean," answered Sophie brusquely in a moment.

Keith attributed the change to the entrance of Mr. Hall and his party. Mrs. Hall had for once not only accepted Mrs. Jolliffe's invitation, she often did that, but had come. She was something of an invalid, and Mr. Hall generally had to apologize for her when both had promised to spend an evening at the brewery. Somehow gentlemen who make themselves great at small evening parties or dinners, and expect to sing three or four comic songs, generally do have to apologize for their wives not coming. Mrs. Jolliffe had been so certain the brewer's wife would not come that she really had no place for her at table, but as it was always uncertain whether McIntyre would come or not, she felt, as she saw Mrs. Hall's fashionably arrayed figure on the landing, that after all she might not be inconvenienced, and there was no need to be uncivil to her if McIntyre kept away. He was sure to do so, she said, as it was his duty to come.

Mrs. Hall was a large, pale, plain-faced woman, and in spite of being generally overdressed — fortunately she was in mourning — had all the manner and appearance of a lady. It was only when she began to talk she dispersed the pleasing illusion. She was a good-hearted woman, kind to the pupils, and Sophie liked her.

Mr. Hall had scarcely to speak before his characteristics made themselves known. He was very short, very fussy, and as demonstrative in attire as large patterns in cloth, eccentric breastpins, buttons, and uncontrollable linen could render him. He had large dark whiskers, dark eyes, bright and small, and a loud voice that usually prefaced its utterances by a commanding sort of cough.

No. 1 of the three pupils was Ned Dwining, athlete and dunce, withdrawn by an impatient uncle from what he called the humbug of university life and sent to something practical. He was broad-shouldered, well-featured, and had blue eyes with all the despair a failure at college and in love could give them, against the opposing influence of sound health of body and mind, a comfortably full purse, and a determination not to be a fool as well as a dunce.

Pupil No. 2, Mr. Todd, was rich, sickly, and small, possessing a wardrobe which Mrs. Hall declared he could never live through, and which she displayed to ladies

of her acquaintance on certain days when he was out. Hall cringed to him, and quarrelled with his other pupils because they declined to pay him like respect.

No. 3 was Mr. Joseph Waller, the son of a poor author, whose money was never paid, and who had to walk a mile out of his way to avoid the ferry when he accompanied Dwining to the cricket matches across the river. He was tall, and fortunately picturesque as to long hair and whiskers, for his wardrobe was the reverse of Mr. Todd's. Indeed, Mrs. Hall had requested that any invitations to Mr. Waller might be sent fully a week before the time, as, she added mysteriously, "His circumstances require the laundress should know when he's going out." Waller was supposed to be scribbling himself in secret. He was much bullied by Hall, who declared he ate three times as much as the others. So he did, and was painfully aware of the fact. Mrs. Hall was very kind to him, or, as he told Dwining, he should have thrown himself into one of the boiling-vats long since.

Dwining and he smoked their pipes together on a corner of the brewery leads when Hall was out of the way, and had much sympathy with each other, both being in love, though the object of Waller's attachment was a different one almost every week. Hall said that with his beggarly means and prospects he might at least keep quiet. Yet he was the greatest flirt in Stoke Bassett, and Miss Vickory was constantly arriving with love letters received from him by the young ladies. Mr. Waller's last "craze," as Mrs. Jolliffe unfeelingly described his love, was for a cousin of Sophie's, now staying with her, but not yet arrived down-stairs.

Of course Mrs. Jolliffe was charmed to see Mrs. Hall, and praised her husband for having persuaded her to come.

"Oh, don't give me credit," he cried, holding up his heavily ringed hands deprecatingly. "It's nothing but female curiosity, nothing else in the world."

"Oh, I'm sure, William!" protested Mrs. Hall as she held Mrs. Jolliffe's hand. "You shouldn't be a-saying of such things. What's the new manager to me?"

"Well, Mr. Jolliffe, sir," exclaimed the brewer in his loudest tones, shaking his host's hand more heartily than was comfortable, "so, to use a Byronic term, here's the Hassyrian come down like a wolf on the fold, eh?"

"Quite so, quite so," answered Jolliffe, turning to shake hands with the young men.

"Well," continued Hall, advancing to Sophie and Cameron, "I think we shall prove ourselves six to his half dozen. To tell you the truth, Miss Jolliffe, I *did* persuade Mrs. 'all to come—the best thing in the world is to *haw* these sort of fellers. What do you say, Mr. Cameron? Ah, there's Miss Bowerby."

"If we're not hawed," remarked Keith to Sophie as the brewer bustled off to meet her cousin, "we shall undoubtedly be hipped. But here comes your devoted Dwining, blushing like a damsel of fifteen."

Miss Bowerby made Sophie appear quite slim—she was a large, handsome girl, very good-natured and silly, always laughing, and fortunately blessed with fine teeth and dimples, and had dewy, dark eyes, and dark hair, which likewise might be said to dimple with laughter, for it was all glossy waves over the whitest of brows and behind the daintiest of ears. She had no sooner laughed over Hall's facetious greeting than she went into fresh and but ill-subdued mirth at Waller's adoring one.

Mrs. Jolliffe had only just returned with the brewer's wife, having been with her to take her bonnet off, when a tall figure appeared at the door, and Jolliffe advanced to meet the new manager.

The first impression Sophie had of him was that she saw a man much shaken by hardship of some kind. Gentlemanly, soldierly, even elegant, as his strikingly tall form was, it seemed to Sophie, as it moved with Jolliffe through the several introductions, to have something of the slightly yielding undulation of a mast that had to bend without breaking to incessant storms. His face was deeply lined under the eyes—dark grey, and full of light and intensity—and from the corners of the mouth to the nostrils. The mouth, sensitive in spite of the firmest of lower jaws, and the eyes, might have belonged to a man of twenty; but the lines in the face and the touches of grey in the dark hair, told plainly of twenty years more—twenty years more of very real life, if not, as Sophie thought, very hard and joyless life too.

He went through the introductions just as a man of the world and a man of good breeding might be expected, endeavoring not to observe the general ill feeling towards himself of which he was really fully conscious. Perhaps he was over-duly conscious of it. Sophie had an idea he was so, and felt for him. When he was introduced to her he appeared to read this

feeling in her honest blue eyes, and to be thankful to her for it.

Jolliffe observed that he still glanced about him expectantly when all had gone through the form of introduction, and thinking he guessed his thought, said, —

"Mr. McIntyre promised to be here to meet you this evening, but he's so uncertain we never wait dinner for him. My dear," calling to his wife, "we won't wait for McIntyre."

"Nobody thinks of such a thing," answered Mrs. Jolliffe curtly. "It's *you* we're waiting for." Upon which Jolliffe gave his arm to Mrs. Hall and led the way. Hall took Miss Bowerby; Cameron, Sophie. The pupils followed Mrs. Jolliffe and the new manager; Dwining, as Waller afterwards told him, "looking gimblets beyond them into Cameron's back."

The dining room was the only one thing in the house that still retained all its old manorial glory. It was a really fine room, occupying the whole length of the building, and with a ceiling representing a sky scene, and a group of flying eagles, said to be by a master-hand. From its contrast to the other rooms, it generally impressed those entering it for the first time with surprise and admiration, and Mrs. Jolliffe quite expected the manager would share the feeling of most strangers. To her surprise he hardly glanced round it, but led her to a seat as if it had been the most commonplace whitewashed apartment in the world.

Dinner was irreproachable. Jolliffe consequently was in excellent spirits and a most genial host, especially to the new arrival, who began to lose much of his reserve and painful sense of intrusiveness.

"What do you think of him?" asked Sophie of Cameron, as Hall was absorbing the attention of the new manager and Jolliffe by one of his long-winded and most extravagant incidents.

"My opinion is," was the answer, with a slight rising of the blonde eyebrows, "that there's a screw loose somewhere in such a fellow coming here on this business at all. He's no cad."

"What is your definition of a cad, Mr. Cameron?" asked Mrs. Jolliffe, who had overheard his last word only, and thought he was alluding to Dwining.

"Really," replied Keith, opening his eyes to their widest and shrugging his shoulders, "I always avoided the thing so much that I am no authority whatever on the subject."

Jolliffe did not like the prominence of his wife's chin and the swelling of her throat, knowing well what such signs meant; and hoping to prevent the conflict being single-handed between her and Cameron, said, "Now, Mr. Hall, this is a matter for your experienced and discerning mind. What is a cad?"

"He certainly cannot plead my excuse," said Keith to Sophie, though not at all in too low a tone to be heard by whoever might be listening. Dwining not only heard, but saw the look of unmistakable meaning that accompanied the words, and bent over his knife and fork with unusual assiduity.

Hall, while pondering over some all-convincing reply to his host's question, happened to catch sight of Waller repeating a line of poetry with his shaggy whiskers almost close to Miss Bowerby's laughing face.

"My idea of a cad," said the brewer, looking hard at the offending pupil, "is a fellow who enters on a career as a gentleman and — and a scholastic without either means, manners, or morals to hact up to it."

"Mr. Dwining has *his* opinion on the subject, I can see," observed Mrs. Jolliffe, scorning to notice Sophie's pleading look.

"Come, Dwining," cried Jolliffe, trying to laugh the matter down.

"A cad, sir," answered the young cricketer, carefully avoiding to look at Cameron — "I have known the best fellows I ever knew to say, is a man who suspects all his acquaintances of being cads till they teach him otherwise, sometimes in a way more convincing than pleasant."

"Perhaps," remarked Jolliffe, with a still lingering academic wink at the ex-undergraduate, "as Ulysses practically explained the term to Thersites;" an allusion which, while delighting Dwining, so clouded the subject to the general company that it was at once dropped.

Sophie had scarcely dared to look up from her plate for the last minute or two. Her natural nervousness came over her with unusual force. She could hardly struggle against it. Raising her eyes to see if Pascal had noticed anything of the hidden meaning of the unpleasant turn the conversation had taken, she found his eyes looking directly at her, and with a deep and kindly scrutiny. Reserved and painfully doubtful of herself as she was, such a look from one who must already know some of the trouble that surrounded her, and who was evidently keen enough to guess of more being within herself,

added much to her confusion. She hardly knew how she could have concealed it had not her mother at that moment risen.

CHAPTER VIII.

JEALOUSY.

MCINTYRE was in the drawing-room when the ladies reached it, and made a feeble excuse for not having arrived in time for dinner.

There could hardly exist a greater contrast than that presented by the two partners of the Pelican brewery.

Donald McIntyre was a man whose present hopes and ambitions were as a little cluster of green growth on an almost dead tree. He called his past dead, and would derive neither comfort nor caution from it.

His wife had died leaving a son fifteen years of age. He had cherished this boy as holding two lives instead of one, and the whole ambition of his life had been centred in him, and, as he considered, wrecked. For he had opposed him in his first great ambition for himself, and opposition in his own flesh and blood was what McIntyre had never been used to and could never forgive.

That happened eight years before McIntyre was asked to become guardian to young Keith Cameron, the son of the woman he had intended Allan to marry.

His interest in this young man was part of the top-growth of fresh leaves on his withered tree of life. His face and form almost illustrated his history. The latter was thin and dried, and the clothes hung loosely on it. The former was like parchment, and made more wild-looking by the shadowy grey hair — not venerable white, but sad, shadowy, dark grey hair, generally pushed almost upright by the restless, wandering fingers, and surrounding his head like a vapor of the past. But in the dark, haggard eyes shone the new interests. The new top-growth was very apparent in them, and in the eager, unintentionally falsetto voice, with its faint Scotch accent, and even in an occasional glow of quite pure carmine on the high-boned cheeks.

Sophie thought he looked more dreamy and wild than ever; and though these two were never great friends, she often had a longing that she might, as his ward's wife, do something to render his existence less lonely and cheerless.

That evening, as she saw him increasing the disorder of his vapory-looking hair by thrusting his trembling fingers through

it, and noticed that his lips were blue with cold though the evening was unusually warm, she felt full of affectionate pity for him. She kept his cold hand in both her hands a minute, and slipt on her chair beside him as he sat at the window in the last glow from the sun. He seemed surprised and touched.

"Well, little girl," he said, passing his disengaged hand caressingly over her smooth hair, "and how does the world use *you*?"

"Bewilders me rather," answered Sophie.

"Does Keith bewilder you?"

"Yes, as much as any part of it."

"He is a part of it then?" said McIntyre with his falsetto laugh. "I thought lovers seemed to each other beings from different spheres."

"If I ever forget the world a little while," replied Sophie, "it's certainly not when I'm with Keith."

She spoke with an unconscious yearning and pathos that somehow struck a long silent string on McIntyre's ill-used harp of memory. He looked at her till there was really sympathy in his eyes.

Mrs. Jolliffe and her visitors were at the little tea-table in the inner drawing-room.

Sophie laid her hand again on the one she had just relinquished.

"Mr. McIntyre!"

"My dear!" He spoke the words almost in alarm. Her utterance of his name had been so earnest.

"Don't think me unfeeling, but I want to speak of something you would rather not have mentioned. But you will forgive me if it would do me good to speak of it?"

He drew back slightly, but Sophie persisted, looking into his eyes with a pleading that would not be refused.

"You loved your wife," The hand trembled, perhaps struggled a little, but Sophie would not let it go. "Your whole life has shown how you loved her. You let no one take her place."

He stared at her in amazement, which Sophie prevented from deepening into anger by looking steadily into his eyes.

"You loved your son. You let no one take *his* place."

The eyes were now riveted to hers — like those of some poor bird charmed against its will, and the shadowy head shook with a negative to her question.

"Not Keith."

The head was shaken still more decidedly.

"You would not even let him take the place of the noble lad you lost. But this is what I wanted to say. You are the only one I ever knew in my life who has really made me believe in love. Your poor wrecked life —"

"My dear, my life is really only beginning," and the falsetto laugh and strange statement ended the sudden fit of confidence and sympathy between the two.

Sophie's ideal lover became merged once more into the tiresome, useless partner in the firm, with his absurd, dreamy notions; and McIntyre's renewed vision of true girlhood, such as Sophie had given him for a moment or two, changed to his normal idea of the egotism and heartlessness of youth, that can see no hope but in itself, recognize the worth of no ambition but its own.

"And how do you like Pascal?" inquired McIntyre, as his own and Sophie's heart drifted from each other rapidly as they had approached.

"I see nothing to dislike in him yet — except, of course, that he causes you and papa vexation."

"Is there nothing of the bloodhound let loose on his favorite scent in him?"

"Nothing whatever of the kind that I can see."

"You don't think he is one to be carrying this investigation farther than his instructions compel him?"

Sophie looked surprised. McIntyre never by any chance spoke to her on business, yet now he questioned her with a sort of feverish earnestness, and gazed in anxious suspense into her eyes.

"I should think decidedly not," she answered.

"Oh! you do."

"Yes; and I believe he will not find his necessary business much to his liking."

"Ah, yes. Then he would in all probability wish to simplify his task, and get it over as soon as possible?"

"That is what I should think."

"Thanks, thanks."

Sophie grew still more perplexed, for McIntyre seemed to have forgotten her, as he sank back in his chair, looking with wan, dreamy eyes on his thin hands as their fingers locked and unlocked tremulously.

"No," he murmured, without looking at her, "he would not be likely to prolong or complicate it."

Sophie was still looking at him in wonder, and some increasing alarm at the wanness and tremulousness that seemed

so to have gained upon him since she saw him last, when she heard her father's laugh at the door, and saw him bringing Mr. Pascal at once towards McIntyre.

"Ah, there he is!" cried Jolliffe. "Mr. Pascal, we are indebted to you for the triumph of getting him here to-night. How are you, friend hermit? Here's Mr. Pascal, who's come to teach the poor Pelican the art of supporting her numerous progeny without drawing so much on her own life's blood."

McIntyre rose and shook hands with the new manager. He only gave one anxious, furtive glance at his face, then sank down again, saying, with a laugh full of depression, —

"You startled us. I had forgotten all about business, and was indulging in a fit of sentiment with Miss Jolliffe."

Sophie could scarcely conceal her surprise. How was it the latter part of their brief conversation had gone from *her* mind, as it evidently had gone from his, and the recollection of the first part returned? How had it happened? When? The transition of thought and feeling had come in a moment — a moment, too, when one would have expected everything of the kind to have vanished at the appearance of a stranger, especially a stranger regarded with so much foreboding as the new manager.

Sophie, as her father spoke to McIntyre, glanced again at Pascal, and found his eyes regarding her in a manner that made her color painfully. But the last look at his face had solved the mystery as to her own and McIntyre's change of thought to the spirit of their brief confidence. It occurred to her that though they had, before Pascal's entrance, changed the subject of conversation, they had remained in the same attitude; and perhaps even the expression of the brief flash of confidence and sympathy remained, and was seen by Pascal, and was reflected back for them from his face.

Pascal hardly looked at McIntyre, but stood listening while Jolliffe made some good-humoredly sarcastic allusions to his partner's few and far-between visits to the brewery.

Sophie, although Keith had come to her side, could not help watching the two men when Jolliffe moved away and left them together. She felt concerned for each in a manner. McIntyre had shown her involuntarily, in his weakness, how he dreaded Pascal's intervention, and Pascal, she felt, with a keenness of perception rather unusual to her, had observed

enough of this to cause him to shun the nervous, haggard eyes of McIntyre, and to feel his position in a way he certainly did not feel it with regard to her father. Unused, as McIntyre had been for many years, to glance even mentally at the true state of his affairs, Sophie saw that being constrained to do so now in Pascal's presence, made him grow more and more confused and restless. He glanced at the window and shivered.

"Will you allow me to move your chair farther back?" asked Pascal, stooping and speaking with extreme gentleness.

Sophie thought there was something of a schoolboy's timidity in addressing a much-dreaded master. There was certainly fear of repulse in his manner and voice.

"Thanks, thanks," answered McIntyre, looking up with almost childish relief and gratitude.

Pascal, too, was evidently relieved at receiving no repulse, and retained McIntyre's trembling hand on his arm while pushing the chair back. Both seemed more at ease when, having ensconced McIntyre in the sheltered corner to the left of the window, Pascal stood beside him, looking greatly pleased at his little attention being accepted. McIntyre rubbed his cold hands, and turned his head from side to side with something of the growing trust of a maimed bird beginning to understand that the discoverer of its helplessness intends it no injury. He seemed to like to have the new manager standing there with his hand on his chair-back, and when Pascal's glance wandered round the room McIntyre's wan eyes looked up at him wistfully, almost confidently, fascinated, Sophie thought, as she had partly been, by the mingling of strength and kindness in the dark, narrow face.

"The man must be a bit of a hypocrite," declared Mrs. Jolliffe to her husband. "He can't have all that respect for poor McIntyre, knowing it's his fault the business has come to what it is. He bends down to him and listens to what he says, as if he was hearing his lady love's first kind words."

"Quite so, quite so," laughed Jolliffe. "Just as I looked, my dear, when I heard you first fondly whisper—"

"Oh, bosh! Do get Keith to start the singing. I'm tired to death of talking to that woman."

"That woman," poor Mrs. Hall, still beamed under the delusion she was being repaid for making the effort to come out by Mrs. Jolliffe's pleasure in her society.

Hall glanced occasionally at his wife's rich dress, and remarked to one of his pupils in regard to Pascal that there was nothing like hawing such a man. Keith Cameron got Sophie to sing, and the charm of her rich mezzo-soprano voice in "When sparrows build" seemed to bring a warmer, purer atmosphere into the room, that made it have a summer of its own to blend with the white-robed, incense-breathing summer without.

Young Dwining, for the first time since his oration on cads, ventured to look at her, and his blue eyes, which had been clouded over with vexation at himself, Keith, and all the world, brightened and dilated with a manly and unrestrainable admiration and pleasure. In vain Keith tried to interpose his "stony British stare" between this honest, loving gaze, and Sophie's consciousness. He saw her look up and meet it, and felt as irritated as even the coldest of lovers might be supposed to feel at the sight of her eyes growing brighter under it, and the sound of her voice more rich and true: changes perceived by Dwining, Keith saw, and making his ordinary-looking face, common to thousands of his age and health, positively handsome. This sort of Freemasonry between their natures, established, Keith felt sure, without the wills of either, was more provoking to him than any studied show of mutual liking could have been. Dwining's glance seemed like a key unlocking the soul Keith could not touch, and making it look from her eyes and float out on her voice.

Mrs. Jolliffe had wished Keith to be jealous, but she would hardly have cared to know how his usually listless fingers, turning over Sophie's music, literally throbbed for acquaintance with the fine column of young Dwining's throat.

His natural vanity gave him coolness enough to ask himself if any one noticed his cause of mortification, and he glanced round the room with eyes that could scarcely even feign languor. Mrs. Jolliffe, Hall, the rich pupil, and Mrs. Hall were at whist; Waller and Miss Bowerby flirting by the Vanthols. Keith's glance grew more careless as it sought out McIntyre and Pascal. Scarcely though had his eyes reached the new manager, than they were withdrawn back to Sophie's music, gleaming with fresh rage.

Pascal had been regarding the group at the piano with the utmost attention and interest. Keith hated Dwining twice as much as before on seeing this. He hardly knew how he had patience and presence

of mind to place another song before Sophie when she was entreated to sing again, or how he returned her smile as she looked up at him as if things were just the same between them as before. The song was one she had composed to some old verses that had taken her fancy, and she sang them now with a brightness and freshness that brought a sense of morning in the garden to her listeners.

"May I look at the words?" asked Pascal, coming up to her as she finished.

"If you can read them," said Sophie. "I copied them as I found them," and she handed him the song, which he read.

"THE MAYDE AND THE ROSE.

"See eche pink leefc itself repete
Above the rose's harte,
The mornynge sonne, however swete,
Is sloe to mayke them parte.

"Yet at thy louve's first carelesse toche
Thou woldst a soule unclose,
And murmur that it hath as moche
Reluctance as a rose."

"Pretty, if one could believe at all in the idea," observed Keith, with more of a sneer in his drawl than Sophie had ever heard before.

"You don't, then?" asked Pascal, handing back the song.

"Hardly," drawled Keith, intending his words only for Sophie. "It's the light no doubt in which ladies wish their hesitation to be looked at, but it's generally supposed, I imagine, that hesitation as to one fellow only means that another's in the way."

Pascal glanced at Sophie but withdrew his eyes instantly. Keith, without daring to see what effect his words had taken, went straight to Dwining and asked him to sing. He did so partly because he felt he could not endure to hear him asked by any one else, and partly because it was some relief to confront him, and speak out some of his inward passion even if it was under the veil of a request.

Dwining was far too much under the spell of Sophie's soft, song-inspired eyes, to notice any more unpleasantness than usual in Cameron's manner. The two were always unpleasant to each other, the only difference being that Keith was gracefully, Dwining awkwardly so.

Mrs. Jolliffe called across the card-table to Dwining, imperiously seconding Keith's request, and Jolliffe petitioned for "When the bloom is on the rye."

"Not that," said Dwining as he stood by Sophie. "I never get through it without a break."

"I'll get you through it," she answered with bright confidence, and Keith had to see how completely Dwining was in her hands, ready, rather than oppose her, to risk his dignity—to make a fool of himself, Keith thought, rather than not surrender himself to her influence, not show his full and unquestioning acceptance of her promise.

Dwining was in good voice, and his many blunders were concealed with consummate skill by Sophie's accompaniment, such skill indeed that only Keith's jealous ear detected them.

Dwining's natural shyness disappeared in the little fit of laughing congratulation he and Sophie indulged in with their heads over the music folio when the song was ended. She was serious in her praise, he in his thanks, yet each received the other's words in jest and were half-grieved with each other for doing so. The dialogue was absurdly inconsequential in itself.

"You sang it really better than when we practised it last week."

"You made it seem so."

"But I hope you believe me?"

"I believe in your kindness."

"I'd rather you'd believe in my word."

"You won't believe me when I say it was only you saved me from utter collapse."

"No."

"Then you think I'd presume to flatter you?"

"You seem to think I would you."

"Now, that is unkind."

What could seem more trifling and absurd, thought Keith. Yes, if he had ears only, but having eyes also, he could see the trivial argumnt was as exciting to the two engaged on it as though it went this wise,—

"I love your voice, it teaches my fingers cunning."

"My voice is your slave, only to be led by you."

"You are too proud to take my praise, I am too proud to withdraw."

"I would have you know I mean not only my voice but my whole being would be guided by you to things of which it is itself incapable. Believe me in the trifling matter they hear us talking of. It is all the belief I dare ask or you give. It is all, but give me that."

Keith could fancy that any instant Dwining might have snatched Sophie's hand, or that Sophie's eyes might become tearful—so much in earnest had the really trivial words been spoken. It seemed to Keith that they were using such idle

words to veil a livelier love-passage than had ever passed between Sophie and himself. Did it strike any one else as it struck him? Yes; again Pascal's eyes seemed reading Sophie's blushing face, with more interest than Keith thought warrantable in a stranger. It immediately convinced him the state of things between Dwining and Sophie must be even more apparent than he had thought. He felt bewildered and irritated beyond endurance. Only a day before, when a friend bantered him on his delay in persuading Sophie to agree as to "the happy day," he had, with an air of graceful vanity, if not insolence, intimated that only a word from himself was wanting. He had done this in perfect sincerity, having quite believed the hesitation was all on his side.

Keith, as a rule, was not an impulsive young man, but he certainly was to-night much inclined to do something to humble Sophie, as he felt she had humbled him. Yet he told himself that the first thing to be done was to completely conceal from her that he was either surprised or irritated. He sang and accompanied Sophie and Dwining in a trio, and even persuaded the other pupils to join in glees; Keith condescending to sing with them. Still, all through the evening he saw that almost involuntary but earnest claiming on the part of Sophie and Dwining of their right to be confidential and to interchange sympathy and something more than sympathy, in the name of the music in which they were both enthusiastic. He could have borne it to a certain extent, but when he saw how they drew each other out, and how charmed they appeared at the result of so doing, Keith felt very much as though he was being made a fool of.

"You never go to Saint Matthias's," he heard Dwining say to Sophie.

"No," answered Sophie. "You know I'm not High Church at all."

"But the singing is glorious. Have you never been?"

"No, but I mean to go some day."

"Come to-morrow!"

"Well, I may as well then as any other day."

"You will?"

"Yes, my cousin wants to go."

"And you'll be there to-morrow morning?"

"Yes."

"Really?"

"Really."

Dwining's words were nothing in them-

selves. It was the fervent entreaty in his eyes when he said, "Come to-morrow;" the tender yet apologetic doubt as he asked "Really?" the pleasure Sophie showed in stilling the doubt by her honest look and word of assurance: it was all this made Keith wish it would not be vulgarly eccentric (to say the least of it) to throw Dwining out of the window by which he stood. How many times had Keith asked Sophie to go with him to St. Matthias's, and invariably in vain, she always excusing herself on the plea of her devotion to the old parish church.

Although it was past midnight when McIntyre and Keith returned to the Poplars, the good fire in the library tempted them to enjoy the semblance of winter in the heavily dewed summer's night.

"A very decent fellow, that man of Lovibond's," observed McIntyre, warming his hands. "I'm very glad for Jolliffe's sake; it would have been so unpleasant for them to have had a vulgar or an inconsiderate person quartered upon them."

Keith knocked off the end of his cigar and stood looking at it with his elbow on the mantelpiece. McIntyre glanced at him, wondering a little at his silence; but his perfect features were as usual imperturbable, except that they had a slightly pensive expression extremely becoming. At length he did answer, showing he had not been oblivious to his guardian's remark.

"I fancy though," he said, admiring the turn of his wrist as he held his cigar, and speaking in a more inert drawl than usual, "there *may* be unpleasantness."

"Do you?"

"I fancy it might be as well for me to be out of it all."

"Out of it? Then what do you mean to do?"

"Don't know at all," lisped Keith.

"My dear boy, this is childish. What can you mean?" McIntyre leaned back in his chair, and looked at Keith with an alarm in his eyes the occasion did not seem to warrant. "Surely," he added, with his high-pitched laugh, "you are jesting."

Keith shook his head, hiding a yawn, and answered with languid decision, "No." His weariness was not affected. His first occasion for jealousy had caused him as much pain as it would have done a better man.

"But — but," said McIntyre, "I surely don't understand you. You cannot possi-

bly mean your affection for Miss Jolliffe is to be endangered by her father's present difficulties?"

"I fancy my plan of life will be entirely changed," answered Keith calmly. "One thing I'm resolved on; I had certainly better be absent while things are so out of shape at the brewery. But we can talk of this next week. I am keeping you up; and if Hall's funny songs have bored you as they have me, you want rest. Good-night."

"Good-night," said McIntyre with white lips.

When Keith had gone and his light though languid step was heard on the stairs, the head in the armchair fell forward upon trembling hands; then it was lifted, and the eyes looked into the fire with all the pathos of a child charged with some crime it can but partly understand.

"Does he mean it?" said McIntyre, half aloud; "does he really mean it, and does he want his money? And must I be ruined!—disgraced for the whim of a boy?"

From The Fortnightly Review.

COLERIDGE AS A SPIRITUAL THINKER.

MR. TRAILL'S recent volume has recalled the poet-philosopher who died just fifty years ago, leaving a strongly marked but indefinite impression upon the mind of his time. The volume has done something to renew and vivify the impression both in respect of Coleridge's poetry and criticism. His work as a critic has never, perhaps, been better or more completely exhibited. It is recognized generously in all its largeness and profundity, as well as delicacy and subtlety; and justice is especially done to his Shakespearian commentary, which in its richness, variety, felicity, combined with depth and acuteness, is absolutely unrivalled. But Mr. Traill cannot be said to have even attempted any estimate of Coleridge as a spiritual thinker. It may be questioned how far he has recognized that there is a spiritual side to all his thought, without which neither his poetry nor his criticism can be fully understood, cleverly as they may be judged.

It is not only out of date, but outside of all intelligent judgment, to quote at this time of day Mr. Carlyle's well-known caricature from his "Life of Sterling," and put readers off with this as a "famous criticism." We now know how to value

utterances of this kind, and the unhappy spirit of detraction which lay beneath such wild and grotesque humors. Carlyle will always remain an artist in epithets—but few will turn to him for an intelligent or comprehensive estimate of any great name of his own or of recent time.

We propose to look at Coleridge for a little as a religious thinker, and to ask what is the meaning and value of his work in this respect now that we can calmly and fully judge it. If Coleridge was anything, he was not only in his own view, as Mr. Traill admits, but in the view of his generation, a religious philosopher. It is not only the testimony of men like Hare, or Sterling, or Maurice, or even Cardinal Newman, but of John Stuart Mill, that his teaching awakened and freshened all contemporary thought. He was recognized with all his faults as a truly great thinker, who raised the mind of the time and gave it new and wide impulses. This judgment we feel sure will yet verify itself. If English literature ever regains the higher tone of our earlier national life—the tone of Hooker and Milton and Jeremy Taylor—Coleridge will be again acknowledged, in Julius Hare's words, as "a true sovereign of English thought." He will take rank in the same line of spiritual genius. He has the same elevation of feeling, the same profound grasp of moral and spiritual ideas, the same wide range of vision. He has, in short, the same love of wisdom, the same insight, the same largeness—never despising nature or art, or literature, for the sake of religion, still less ever despising religion for the sake of culture. In reading over Coleridge's prose works again, returning to them after a long-past familiarity, I am particularly struck by their massive and large intellectuality, akin to our older Elizabethan literature. There is everywhere the play of great power—of imagination as well as reason—of spiritual perception as well as logical subtlety.

To speak of Coleridge in this manner as a great spiritual power, an eminently healthy writer in the higher regions of thought, may seem absurd to some who think mainly of his life, and the fatal failure which characterized it. It is the shadow of this failure of manliness in his conduct, as in that of his lifelong friend Charles Lamb, which no doubt prompted the great genius who carried manliness, if little sweetness, from his Annandale home, to paint both the one and the other in such darkened colors. We have not a word to say on behalf of the failings of either.

They were deplorable and unworthy; but it is the fact, notwithstanding, that the mind of both retained a serenity and a certain touch of respectfulness which are lacking in their great Scottish contemporary. They were both finer-edged than Carlyle. They inherited a more delicate and polite personal culture; and delicacy can never be far distant from true manliness. Neither of them could have written of the treasures of old religion as Carlyle did in his "Life of Sterling." Whether they accepted for themselves those treasures or not, they would have spared the tender faith of others and respected an ancient ideal. And this is the higher attitude. Nothing which has ever deeply interested humanity or profoundly moved it is treated with contempt by a good and wise man. It may call for and deserve rejection, but never insult. Unhappily this attitude of mind, reserved as well as critical, reverent as well as bold, has been conspicuously absent in some of the most powerful and best-known writers of our era.

There is a striking contrast between the career of Coleridge and that of his friend Wordsworth. Fellows in the opening of their poetic course, they soon diverged widely. With a true instinct, Wordsworth devoted himself, in quietness and seclusion, to the cultivation of his poetic faculty. He left aside the world of politics and of religious thought, strongly moved as he had been by the interests of both. It may be said that Wordsworth continued a religious thinker as well as poet all his life. And to some extent this is true. The Wanderer is a preacher and not only a singer. He goes to the heart of religion, and lays again its foundations in the natural instincts of man. But while Wordsworth's poetry was instinct with a new life of religious feeling, and may be said to have given a new radiance to its central principles,* it did not initiate any movement in Christian thought. In religious opinion Wordsworth soon fell back upon, if he ever consciously departed from, the old line of Anglican traditions. The vague pantheism of "The Excursion" implies rather a lack of distinctive dogma than any fresh insight into religious problems or capacity of co-ordinating them in a new manner. And so soon as definite religious conceptions came to the poet, the Church in her customary theology became a satisfactory refuge. The "Ecclesiastical Sonnets" mark this definite stage in his spiritual

development. Wordsworth did for the religious thought of his time something more and better perhaps than giving it any definite impulse. While leaving it in the old channels, he gave it a richer and deeper volume. He showed with what vital affinity religion cleaves to humanity, in all its true and simple phases, when uncontaminated by conceit or frivolity. Nature and man alike were to him essentially religious, or only conceivable as the outcome of a spirit of life, "the soul of all the worlds."† Wordsworth, in short, remained as he began, a poet of a deeply religious spirit. But he did not enter the domain of theological speculation or attempt to give any new direction to it.

In all this Coleridge is his counterpart. He may be said to have abandoned poetry just when Wordsworth in his retirement at Grasmere (1799) was consecrating his life to it. Whether it be true, according to De Quincey, that Coleridge's poetical power was killed by the habit of opium-eating, it is certainly true that the harp of Quantock‡ was never again struck save for a brief moment. The poet Coleridge passed into the lecturer and the poetical and literary critic, and then, during the final period of his life, from 1816 to 1834, into the philosopher and theologian. It is to this latter period of his life in the main that his higher prose writings belong, and especially the well-known "Aids to Reflection," which — disparaged as it is by Mr. Traill — may be said to contain, as his disciples have always held it to contain, all the finer substance of his spiritual thought. It is true that it is defective as a literary composition. We are even disposed to allow that it has "less charm of thought, less beauty of style," and in some respects even less "power of effective statement,"§ than is common with Coleridge; but withal it is his highest work. These very defects only serve to bring out the more its strong points, when we consider the wonderful hold the book has

* Excursion, b. ix.

† Not only the "Ancient Mariner" and the first part of "Christabel," but also "Kubla Khan" were composed at Nether Stovey among the Quantock Hills in 1797. The second part of "Christabel" belongs to the year 1800, and was written at Keswick, although not published till 1816. Nothing of the same quality was ever produced by Coleridge, although he continued to write verses.

‡ It is strange, however, to find Mr. Traill commending Coleridge's very last volume (1830), "On the Constitution of Church and State," as "yielding a more characteristic flavor of the author's style" than the "Aids to Reflection." Characteristic, no doubt, this volume is of the author's mode of thought; but in point of style, it and his "Lay Sermon" or "Statesman's Manual" in 1816 appear to us the most desultory and imperfect of all his writings.

* Admiration, Hope, and Love. Excursion, b. iv.

taken of many minds, and how it has been the subject of elaborate commentary.* It is a book, we may at the same time say, which none but a thinker on divine things will ever like. All such thinkers have prized it greatly. To many such it has given a new force of religious insight; for its time, beyond all doubt, it created a real epoch in Christian thought. It had life in it; and the living seed, scattered and desultory as it was, brought forth fruit in many minds.

What, then, were its main contributions to religious thought, and in what respects generally is Coleridge to be reckoned a spiritual power?

(1.) First, and chiefly, in the "Aids to Reflection," Coleridge may be said to have transformed and renewed the current ideas of his time about religion. He was, we know, a man of many ambitions never realized; but of all his ambitions, the most persistent was that of laying anew the foundations of spiritual philosophy. This was "the great work" to which he frequently alluded as having given "the preparation of more than twenty years of his life."† Like other great tasks projected by him, it was very imperfectly accomplished; and there will always be those in consequence who fail to understand his influence as a leader of thought. We are certainly not bound to take Coleridge at his own value, nor to attach the same importance as he did to some of his speculations. No one, indeed, knew better than Coleridge himself that there was nothing new in his Platonic realism. It was merely a restoration of the old religious metaphysic which had preceded "the mechanical systems," that became dominant in the reign of Charles the Second. He himself constantly claims to do nothing more than reassert the principles of Hooker, of Henry More, of John Smith, and Leighton, all of whom he speaks of as "Platonizing divines."‡ But the religious teaching of Coleridge came upon his generation as a new breath, not merely or mainly because he revived these ancient principles, but because he vitalized anew their application to Christianity, so as to transform it from a mere creed, or collection of articles, into a living mode of

thought, embracing all human activity. Coleridge was no mere metaphysician. He was a great interpreter of spiritual facts—a student of spiritual life, quickened by a peculiarly vivid and painful experience; and he saw in Christianity, rightly conceived, at once the true explanation of the facts of our spiritual being and the true remedy for their disorder. He brought human nature, not merely on one side, but all sides, once more near to Christianity, so as to find in it not merely a means of salvation in any limited evangelical sense, but the highest truth and health—a perfect philosophy. His main power lies in this subjective direction, just as here it was that his age was most needing stimulus and guidance.

The Evangelical school, with all its merits, had conceived of Christianity rather as something superadded to the highest life of humanity than as the perfect development of that life; as a scheme for human salvation authenticated by miracles, and, so to speak, interpolated into human history, rather than a divine philosophy, witnessing to itself from the beginning in all the higher phases of that history. And so philosophy, and no less literature, and art, and science, were conceived apart from religion. The world and the Church were not only antagonistic in the Biblical sense, as the embodiments of the carnal and the divine spirit—which they must ever be; but they were, so to speak, severed portions of life divided by outward signs and badges; and those who joined the one or the other were supposed to be clearly marked off. All who know the writings of the Evangelical school of the eighteenth and earlier part of the nineteenth century, from the poetry of Cowper and the letters of his friend Newton, to the writings of Romaine, John Forster, and Wilberforce, and even Chalmers, will know how such commonplaces everywhere reappear in them. That they were associated with the most devout and beautiful lives, that they even served to foster a peculiar ardor of Christian feeling and love of God, cannot be disputed. But they were essentially narrow and false. They destroyed the largeness and unity of human experience. They not merely separated religion from art and philosophy, but they tended to separate it from morality.

Coleridge's most distinctive work was to restore the broken harmony between reason and religion, by enlarging the conception of both, but of the latter especially,—by showing how man is essentially a

* By Dr. James Marsh, an American divine, whose preliminary essay is prefaced to the fifth English edition, and by Mr. Green in his "Spiritual Philosophy" (1865), founded on Coleridge's teaching.

† *Spiritual Philosophy*, founded on the teaching of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge. By Jos. Henry Green, F.R.S., D.C.L. 1865.

‡ The idea is elaborated in a clever but superficial and narrow book, "Modern Anglican Theology," by the Rev. James H. Rigg. 1857.

religious being having a definite spiritual constitution, apart from which the very idea of religion becomes impossible. Religion is not, therefore, something brought to man, it is his highest education. Religion, he says, was designed "to improve the nature and the faculties of man, in order to the right governing of our actions, to the securing the peace and progress, external and internal, of individuals and communities." Christianity is in the highest degree adapted to this end; and nothing can be a part of it that is not duly proportioned thereto. In thus vindicating the rationality of religion, Coleridge had a twofold task before him, as every such thinker has. He had to assert against the epicurean and empirical school the spiritual constitution of human nature, and against the fanatical or hyper-evangelical school the reasonable working of spiritual influence. He had to maintain, on the one hand, the essential divinity of man, that "there is more in him than can be rationally referred to the life of nature and the mechanism of organization," and on the other hand to show that this higher life of the spirit is throughout rational — that it is superstition and not true religion which professes to resolve "men's faith and practice" into the illumination of such a spirit as they can give no account of, — such as does not enlighten their reason or enable them to render their doctrine intelligible to others. He fights, in short, alike against materialistic negation and credulous enthusiasm.

The former he meets with the assertion of "a spirituality in man," a self-power or will at the root of all his being. "If there be ought spiritual in man, the will must be such. If there be a will, there must be a spirituality in man." He assumes both positions, seeing clearly — what all who radically deal with such a question must see — that it becomes in the end an alternative postulate on one side and the other. The theologian cannot prove his case, because the very terms in which it must be proved are already denied *ab initio* by the materialist. But no more can the materialist, for the same reason, refute the spiritual thinker. There can be no argument where no common premiss is granted. Coleridge was quite alive to this, yet he validly appeals to common experience. "I assume," he says, "a something the proof of which no man can give to another, yet every man may find for himself. If any man assert that he has no such experience, I am bound to disbelieve him, I cannot do otherwise without unsettling

the foundation of my own moral nature. For I either find it as an essential of the humanity common to him and to me, or I have not found it at all. . . . All the significant objections of the materialist and necessitarian," he adds, "are contained in the term morality, and all the objections of the infidel in the term religion. These very terms imply something granted, which the objector in each case supposes not granted. A moral philosophy is only such because it assumes a principle of morality, a will in man, and so a Christian philosophy or theology has its own assumptions resting on three ultimate facts, — namely, the reality of the law of conscience; the existence of a responsible will as the subject of that law; and lastly, the existence of God . . . The first is a fact of consciousness; the second, a fact of reason necessarily concluded from the first; and the third, a fact of history interpreted by both."

These were the radical data of the religious philosophy of Coleridge. They imply a general conception of religion which was revolutionary for his age, simple and ancient as the principles are. The evangelical tradition brought religion to man from the outside. It took no concern of man's spiritual constitution beyond the fact that he was a sinner and in danger of hell. Coleridge started from a similar but larger experience, including not only sin but the whole spiritual basis on which sin rests. "I profess a deep conviction," he says, "that man is a fallen creature," "not by accident of bodily constitution or any other cause, but as diseased in his will — in that will which is the true and only strict synonyme of the word I, or the intelligent self." This "intelligent self" is a fundamental conception lying at the root of his system of thought. Sin is an attribute of it, and cannot be conceived apart from it, and conscience, or the original sense of right and wrong governing the will. Apart from these internal realities there is no religion, and the function of the Christian revelation is to build up the spiritual life out of these realities — to remedy the evil, to enlighten the conscience, to educate the will. This effective power of religion comes directly from God in Christ. Here Coleridge joins the Evangelical school, as indeed every school of living Christian faith. This was the element of truth he found in the doctrine of election as handled "practically, morally, humanly," by Leighton. Every true Christian, he argues, must attribute his distinction not in any degree to him-

self — "his own resolves and strivings," "his own will and understanding," still less to "his own comparative excellence," — but to God, "the being in whom the promise of life originated, and on whom its fulfilment depends." Election so far is a truth of experience. "This the conscience requires; this the highest interests of morality demand." So far it is a question of facts with which the speculative reason has nothing to do. But when the theological reasoner abandons the ground of fact and "the safe circle of religion and practical reason for the shifting sand-wastes and mirages of speculative theology," then he uses words without meaning. He can have no insight into the workings or plans of a Being who is neither an object of his senses nor a part of his self-consciousness.

Nothing can show better than this brief exposition how closely Coleridge in his theology clung to a base of spiritual experience, and sought to measure even the most abstruse Christian mysteries by facts. The same thing may be shown by referring to his doctrine of the Trinity, which has been supposed the most Transcendental and, so to speak, neo-Platonist of all his doctrines. But truly speaking his Trinitarianism, like his doctrine of election, is a moral rather than a speculative truth. The Trinitarian idea was, indeed, true to him notionally. The full analysis of the notion "God" seemed to him to involve it. "I find a certain notion in my mind, and say that is what I understand by the term God. From books and conversation I find that the learned generally connect the same notion with the same word. I then apply the rules laid down by the masters of logic for the involution and evolution of terms, and prove (to as many as agree with my premisses) that the notion 'God' involves the notion 'Trinity.'" So he argued, and many times recurred to the same Transcendental analysis. But the truer and more urgent spiritual basis of the doctrine of the Trinity, even to his own mind, was not its notional but its moral necessity. Christ could only be a Saviour as being divine. Salvation is a divine work. "The idea of redemption involves belief in the divinity of our Lord. And our Lord's divinity again involves the Trinitarian idea, because in and through this idea alone the divinity of Christ can be received without breach of faith in the unity of the Godhead." In other words, the best evidence of the doctrine of the Trinity is the compulsion of the spiritual conscience

which demands a divine Saviour; and only in and through the great idea of Trinity in unity does this demand become consistent with Christian monotheism.*

These doctrines are merely used in illustration, as they are by Coleridge himself in his "Aids to Reflection." But nothing can show in a stronger light the general character of the change which he wrought in the conception of Christianity. From being a mere traditional creed, with Anglican and Evangelical, and it may be added Unitarian alike, it became a living expression of the spiritual consciousness. In a sense, of course, it had always been so. The Evangelical made much of its living power, but only in a practical and not in a rational sense. It is the distinction of Coleridge to have once more in his age made Christian doctrine alive to the reason as well as the conscience — tenable as a philosophy as well as an evangel. And this he did by interpreting Christianity in the light of our moral and spiritual life. There are aspects of Christian truth beyond us — *exeunt in mysteria*. But all Christian truth must have vital touch with our spiritual being, and be so far at least capable of being rendered in its terms, or, in other words, be conformable to reason.

There was nothing absolutely new in this luminous conception, but it marked a revolution of religious thought in the earlier part of our century. The great principle of the Evangelical theology was that theological dogmas were true or false without any reference to a subjective standard of judgment. They were true as pure data of revelation, or as the propositions of an authorized creed settled long ago. Reason had, so far, nothing to do with them. Christian truth, it was supposed, lay at hand in the Bible, an appeal to which settled everything. Coleridge did not undervalue the Bible. He gave it an intelligent reverence. But he no less revered the spiritual consciousness or divine light in man; and to put out this light, as the Evangelical had gone far to do, was to destroy all reasonable faith. This must rest not merely on objective data, but on internal experience. It must have not merely authority without, but

* This was a favorite thought with Coleridge, as, for example, in his "Literary Remains" (vol. 1, p. 393-4): "The Trinity of Persons in the Unity of the Godhead would have been a necessary idea of my speculative reason. God must have had co-eternally an adequate idea of himself in and through which he created all things. But this would only have been a speculative idea. Solely in consequence of our redemption does the Trinity become a doctrine, the belief of which as real is commanded by conscience."

rationale within. It must answer to the highest aspiration of human reason, as well as the most urgent necessities of human life. It must interpret reason and find expression in the voice of our higher humanity, and so enlarge itself as to meet all its needs.

If we turn for a moment to the special exposition of the doctrines of sin and redemption which Coleridge has given in the "Aids to Reflection," it is still mainly with the view of bringing out more clearly his general conception of Christianity as a living movement of thought rather than a mere series of articles or a traditional creed.

In dealing first with the question of sin, he shows how its very idea is only tenable on the ground of such a spiritual constitution in man as he has already asserted. It is only the recognition of a true will in man—a spirit or supernatural in man, although "not necessarily miraculous"—which renders sin possible. "These views of the spirit and of the will as spiritual," he says more than once, "are the groundwork of my scheme." There was nothing more significant or fundamental in all his theology. If there is not always a supernatural element in man in the shape of spirit and will, no miracles or anything else can ever authenticate the supernatural to him. A mere formal orthodoxy, therefore, hanging upon the evidence of miracles, is a suspension bridge without any real support. So all questions between infidelity and Christianity are questions here, at the root, and not what are called "critical" questions as to whether this or that view of the Bible be right, or this or that traditional dogma be true. Such questions are, truly speaking, inter-Christian questions, the freest views of which all Churches must learn to tolerate. The really vital question is whether there is a divine root in man at all—a spiritual centre answering to a higher spiritual centre in the universe. All controversies of any importance come back to this. Coleridge would have been a great Christian thinker if for no other reason than this, that he brought all theological problems back to this living centre, and showed how they diverged from it. Apart from this postulate, sin was inconceivable to him; and in the same manner all sin was to him sin of origin or "original sin." It is the essential property of the will that it can originate. The phrase original sin is therefore "a pleonasm." If sin was not original, or from within the will itself, it would not deserve the name. "A state or

act that has not its origin in the will may be a calamity, deformity, disease, or mischance, but a sin it cannot be."

Again he says: "That there is an evil common to all is a fact, and this evil must, therefore, have a common ground. Now this evil ground cannot originate in the divine will; it must, therefore, be referred to the will of man. And this evil ground we call original sin. It is a mystery, that is, a fact which we see but cannot explain; and the doctrine a truth which we apprehend, but can neither comprehend nor communicate. And such by the quality of the subject (namely, a responsible will) it must be, if it be truth at all."

This inwardness is no less characteristic of Coleridge's treatment of the doctrine of atonement or redemption. It is intelligible so far as it comes within the range of spiritual experience. So far its nature and effects are amply described or figured in the New Testament, especially by St. Paul. And the apostle's language, as might be expected, "takes its predominant colors from his own experience and the experience of those whom he addressed." "His figures, images, analogies, and references," are all more or less borrowed from this source. He describes the atonement of Christ under four principal metaphors: 1, sin-offering, sacrificial expiation; 2, reconciliation, atonement, *καταλλάγη*; 3, redemption, or ransom from slavery; 4, satisfaction, payment of a debt. These phrases are not designed to convey to us all the divine meaning of the atonement, for no phrases or figures can do this; but they set forth its general aspect and design. One and all they have an intelligible relation to our spiritual life, and so clothe the doctrine for us with a concrete, living, and practical meaning. But there are other relations and aspects of the doctrine of atonement that transcend experience, and consequently our powers of understanding. And all that can be said here is, *exit in mysteria*. The rationalism of Coleridge is at least a modest and self-limiting rationalism. It clears the ground within the range of spiritual experience, and floods this ground with the light of reason. There is no true doctrine can contradict this light, or shelter itself from its penetration. But there are aspects of Christian doctrine that outreach all grasp of reason, and before which reason must simply be silent. For example, the divine act in redemption is "a causative act—a spiritual and transcendent mystery that passeth all understanding. 'Who knoweth the mind of the Lord, or being his coun-

sellor who hath instructed him?" *Factum est.*" This is all that can be said of the mystery of redemption, or of the doctrine of atonement on its divine side.

And here emerges another important principle of the Coleridgean theology. While so great an advocate of the rights of reason in theology, of the necessity, in other words, of moulding all its facts in a synthesis intelligible to the higher reason, he recognizes strongly that there is a province of divine truth beyond all such construction. We can never understand the fulness of divine mystery, and it is hopeless to attempt to do so. While no mind was less agnostic in the modern sense of the term, he was yet, with all his vivid and large intuition, a Christian agnostic. Just because Christianity was divine, a revelation, and not a mere human tradition, all its higher doctrines ended in a region beyond our clear knowledge. As he himself said, "If the doctrine is more than a hyperbolical phrase it must do so." There was great pregnancy in this as in his other conceptions; and probably no more significant change awaits the theology of the future than the determination of this province of the unknown, and the cessation of controversy as to matters which come within it, and therefore admit of no dogmatic settlement.

(2.) But it is more than time to turn to the second aspect, in which Coleridge appears as a religious leader of the thought of the nineteenth century. The "Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit" were not published till six years after his death, in 1840; and it is curious to notice their accidental connection with the "Confessions of a Beautiful Soul," which had been translated by Carlyle some years before.* These "Confessions," in the shape of seven letters to a friend, gather together all that is valuable in the Biblical criticism of the author scattered through his various writings; and although it may be doubtful whether the volume has ever attained the circulation of the "Aids to Reflection," it is eminently deserving—small as it is, nay, because of its very brevity—of a place beside the larger work. It is eminently readable, terse and nervous, as well as eloquent in style. In none of his writings does Coleridge appear to greater advantage, or touch a more elevating strain, rising at times into solemn music.

The "Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit" were of course merely one indication

of the rise of a 'true spirit of criticism in English theology. Arnold, Whately, Thirlwall, and others, it will be seen, were all astir in the same direction, even before the "Confessions" were published. The notion of verbal inspiration, or the infallible dictation of Holy Scripture, could not possibly continue after the modern spirit of historical inquiry had begun. As soon as men plainly recognized the organic growth of all great facts, literary as well as others, it was inevitable that they should see the Scriptures in a new light, as a product of many phases of thought in course of more or less perfect development. A larger and more intelligent sense of the conditions attending the origin and progress of all civilization, and of the immaturities through which religious as well as moral and social ideas advance, necessarily carried with it a changed perception of the characteristics of Scriptural revelation. The old rabbinical notion of an infallible text was sure to disappear. The new critical method besides is, in Coleridge's hands, rather an idea—a happy and germinant thought—than a well-evolved system. Still to him belongs the honor of having first plainly and boldly announced that the Scriptures were to be read and studied, like any other literature, in the light of their continuous growth, and the adaptation of their parts to one another.

The divinity of Scripture appears all the more brightly when thus freely handled. "I take up the work," he says, "with the purpose to read it as I should read any other work—so far as I can or dare. For I neither can nor dare throw off a strong and awful prepossession in its favor, certain as I am that a large part of the light and life in and by which I see, love, and embrace the truths and the strengths organized into a living body of faith and knowledge have been directly or indirectly derived to me from the sacred volume." All the more reason why we should not make a fetish of the Bible, as the Turk does of the Koran. Poor as reason may be in comparison with "the power and splendor of the Scriptures," yet it is and must be for him a true light. "While there is a Light higher than all, even the *Word that was in the beginning*—the Light of which light itself is but the Shechinah and cloudy tabernacle—there is also a 'Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world;' and the spirit of man is declared to be 'the candle of the Lord.'" "If between this Word," he says, "and the written letter I

* In his well-known translation of Wilhelm Meister.

shall anywhere seem to myself to find a discrepancy, I will not conclude that such there actually is. Nor, on the other hand, will I fall under the condemnation of those that would *lie for God*, but, seek as I may, be thankful for what I have, and wait."

Such is the keynote of the volume. The supremacy of the Bible as a divinely inspired literature is plainly recognized from the first. Obviously it is a book above all other books in which deep answers to deep, and our inmost thoughts and most hidden griefs find not merely response, but guidance and assuagement. And whatever there *finds* us "bears witness for itself that it has proceeded from the Holy Spirit." "In the Bible," he says again, "there is more that *finds* me than I have experienced in all other books put together; the words of the Bible find me at greater depths of my being, and whatever finds me brings with it an irresistible evidence of its having proceeded from the Holy Spirit."

But there is much in the Bible that not only does not find us in the Coleridgean sense, but that seems full of contradictions, both moral and historical; the psalms in which David curses his enemies; the obviously exaggerated ages attributed to the patriarchs; and the incredible number of the armies said to be collected by Abijah and Jeroboam (2 Chron. xiii. 3), and other incidents familiar to all students of Scripture. What is to be made of such features of the Bible? According to the old notion of its infallibility such parts of Scripture, no less than its most elevating utterances of "lovely hymn and choral song and accepted prayer of saint and prophet," were to be received as dictated by the Holy Spirit. They were stamped with the same divine authority. Coleridge rightly enough emphasizes this view as that of the fathers and reformers alike; but he no less rightly points out that not one of them is consistent in holding to their general doctrine. Their treatment of the Scriptures in detail constantly implies the fallacy of the rabbinical tradition to which they yet clung. He no less forcibly points out that the Scriptures themselves make no such pretension to infallibility, "explicitly or by implication." "On the contrary, they refer to older documents, and on all points express themselves as sober-minded and veracious writers under ordinary circumstances are known to do." The usual texts quoted, such as 2 Tim. iii. 16, have no real bearing on the subject. The

little we know as to the origin and history of many of the books of the Bible, of "the time of the formation and closing of the canon," of its selectors and compilers, is all opposed to such a theory. Moreover, the very nature of the claim stultifies itself when examined. For "how can infallible truth be infallibly conveyed in defective and fallible expression?"

But if the tenet of verbal inspiration has been so long received and acted on "by Jew and Christian, Greek, Roman, and Protestant, why can it not now be received?" "For every reason," answered Coleridge, "that makes me prize and revere these Scriptures; prize them, love them, revere them beyond all other books." Because such a tenet "falsifies at once the whole body of holy writ, with all its harmonious and symmetrical gradations." It turns "the breathing organism into a colossal Memnon's head, a hollow passage for a voice," which no man hath uttered, and no human heart hath conceived. It evacuates of all sense and efficacy the fact that the Bible is a divine literature of many books "composed in different and widely distant ages under the greatest diversity of circumstances and degrees of light and information." So he argues in language I have partly quoted and partly summarized. And then he breaks forth into a magnificent passage about the song of Deborah, a passage of rare eloquence with all its desulteriness, but which will hardly bear separation from the context. The wail of the Jewish heroine's maternal and patriotic love is heard under all her cursing and individualism — mercy rejoicing against judgment. In the very intensity of her primary affections is found the rare strength of her womanhood; and sweetness lies near to fierceness. Such passages probably give us a far better idea of the occasional glory of the old man's talk as "he sat on the brow of Highgate Hill," than any poor fragments of it that have been preserved. Direct and, to the point it may never have been, but at times it rose into an organ swell with snatches of unutterable melody and power.

(3.) But Coleridge contributed still another factor to the impulsion of religious thought in his time. He did much to revive the historic idea of the Church as an intellectual as well as a spiritual commonwealth. Like many other ideas of our older national life this had been depressed and lost sight of during the eighteenth century. The Evangelical party, deficient in learning generally, was especially de-

ficient in breadth of historical knowledge. Milner's history, if nothing else, serves to point this conclusion. The idea of the Church as the mother of philosophy and arts and learning, as well as the nurse of faith and piety, was unknown. It was a part of the Evangelical creed, moreover, to leave aside as far as possible mere political and intellectual interests. These belonged to the world, and the main business of the religious man was with religion as a personal affair, of vast moment, but outside all other affairs. Coleridge helped once more to bring the Church as he did the gospel into larger room as a great spiritual power of manifold influence.

This volume "On the Constitution of Church and State according to the idea of each" was published in 1830, and was the last volume which the author himself published. The Catholic Emancipation question had greatly excited the public mind, and some friend had appealed to Coleridge expressing astonishment that he should be in opposition to the proposed measure. He replied that he is by no means unfriendly to Catholic emancipation, while yet "scrupling the means proposed for its attainment." And in order to explain his difficulties he composed a long letter to his friend, which is really an essay or treatise, beginning with the fundamental principles of his philosophy and ending with a description of antichrist. The essay is one of the least satisfactory of his compositions from a mere literary point of view, and is not even mentioned by Mr. Traill in his recent monograph. But amidst all its involutions and ramblings it is stimulating and full of thought on a subject which almost more than any other is liable to be degraded by unworthy and sectarian treatment. Here, as everywhere in Coleridge's writings, we are brought in contact with certain large conceptions which far more than cover the immediate subject in hand.

It has been sometimes supposed that Coleridge's theory of the Church merely revived the old theory of the Elizabethan age so powerfully advocated by Hooker and specially espoused by Dr. Arnold in later times. According to this theory the Church and State are really identical, the Church being merely the State in its educational and religious aspect and organization. But Coleridge's special theory is different from this, although allied to it. He distinguishes the Christian Church as such from any national Church. The former is spiritual and catholic, the latter institutional and local. The former is

opposed to the "world," the latter is an estate of the realm. The former has nothing to do with States and kingdoms. It is in this respect identical with the "spiritual and invisible Church known only to the Father of Spirits," and the compensating counterpoise of all that is of the world. It is, in short, the divine aggregate of what is really divine in all Christian communities, and more or less ideally represented "in every true Church." A national Church again is the incorporation of all the learning and knowledge—intellectual and spiritual—in a country. Every nation in order to its true health and civilization requires not only a land-owning or permanent class along with a commercial, industrial, and progressive class, but moreover an educative class, to represent all higher knowledge, "to guard the treasures of past civilization," to bind the national life together in its past, present, and future, and to communicate to all citizens a clear understanding of their rights and duties. This third estate of the realm Coleridge denominated the "Clerisy," and included not merely the clergy, but, in his own language, "the learned of all denominations." The knowledge, which it was their function to cultivate and diffuse, embraced not only theology, although this pre-eminently as the head of all other knowledge, but law, music, mathematics, the physical sciences, "all the so-called liberal arts and sciences, the possession and cultivation of which constitute the civilization of a country."

This is at any rate a large conception of a national Church. It is put forth by its author with all earnestness, although he admitted that it had never been anywhere realized. But it was his object "to present the *idea* of a national Church as the only safe criterion by which we can judge of existing things." It is only when "we are in full and clear possession of the ultimate aim of an institution" that we can ascertain how far "this aim has ever been attained in other ways."

These, very briefly explained, are the main lines along which Coleridge moved the national mind in the third decade of this century. They may seem to some rather impalpable lines, and hardly calculated to touch the general mind. But they were influential, as the course of Christian literature has since proved. Like his own genius, they were diffusive rather than concentrative. The Coleridgean ideas permeated the general intellectual atmosphere, modifying old conceptions in criti-

cism as well as theology, deepening if not always clarifying the channels of thought in many directions, but especially in the direction of Christian philosophy. They acted in this way as a new circulation of spiritual air all around, rather than in conveying any new body of truth. The very ridicule of Carlyle testifies to the influence which they exercised over aspiring and younger minds. The very emphasis with which he repudiates the Coleridgean metaphysic probably indicates that he had felt some echo of it in his own heart.

JOHN TULLOCH.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

LIFE IN A DRUSE VILLAGE.

PART II.

WHEN my house was completed, and I moved up from Haifa to take possession of it, the whole village of Dahlieh turned out *en masse* to receive me. As we wound up the pretty valley, at the head of which it is situated, the scene was both novel and picturesque. The female part of the population, clad in bright array of many colors, lined the highest terrace; while the men, some on foot and some on horseback, came down the winding path to meet us,—the latter, in spite of the rugged nature of the country, forcing their horses to attempt impossible equestrian evolutions, and dashing here and there over the rocky ground, with right arm thrown back and extended, after the manner of jereed-players, and the former drawn up in line, and making profound salutations as we passed; while the women set up the shrill, ululating scream which is usual with them when they desire to give vent to their feelings of pleasure and satisfaction, or to celebrate any great event.

My first days were pretty well taken up holding levees, and giving and receiving hospitality. Having had some experience of the curiosity and unintentionally obtrusive habits of the people, I had taken the precaution, in order to secure privacy, to have a *liwan* or reception-room partially detached from the house; and on the simple divan which was its sole furniture, I passed the greater part of the first few mornings, dispensing syrup-and-water and coffee, making acquaintance individually with nearly all the inhabitants, and finding out as much as possible about the condition of local affairs generally. The accepting of hospitality was a more ardu-

ous undertaking, for it consisted in partaking with one's fingers of elaborate repasts, first at the houses of the two sheikhs, and then with one or two of the notables, and which consisted generally of an immense pyramid of rice, boiled mutton, stewed chicken, sour milk, honey, eggs fried in oil, and other dainties.

There are always two sheikhs in a Druse village—one who looks after its secular affairs, while the other manages its spiritual matters; and I very soon discovered that they regarded each other with feelings of some jealousy, as the heads of rival factions, and that it would require the exercise of some diplomacy to maintain such a strict impartiality in my intercourse with them as should preserve the friendship of both. The whole village may indeed be said to consist of two huge families, of which the two sheikhs are the respective heads; and though they have intermarried to any extent, this has served rather to complicate than to conciliate the family differences which were likely to arise under such a state of things. The great facility of divorce among the Druses increases this liability to discordant domestic relations. A Druse, when he wants to change his wife, has only to tell her to go back to her parents; and she is obliged on the spot to decamp, enlisting naturally the sympathy of her own inother and the rest of her family against the heartless husband who has turned her out. I must say, however, that upon these occasions there is a stronger instinct than that of family—one which manifests itself under another form in more advanced countries under the name of "woman's rights." I have seen several village rows now, and all the women are invariably on one side, and all the men on the other. Whatever happens when high words begin, woman flies to the defence of woman, with a sisterly heroism which is truly remarkable; and the males finding their tongues utterly useless in the encounter, generally end by coarsely taking to their fists. However, I will say for Dahlieh that it is not worse than other villages in this respect—indeed I think it is better—and that the people, taking them as a whole, form a remarkably orderly and good-tempered community; the storm soon blows over, and in a few hours everybody is apparently on terms as affectionate as if it had never happened.

Under these circumstances, life in a Druse village may be made dull or interesting in the degree in which one identifies one's self with the interests of the

inhabitants. People wonder what one can find to do in this out-of-the-way corner of Palestine; but practically we never seem to have a moment to spare. In the first place, what would be a trifling operation elsewhere, here becomes an important matter of business, attended with all manner of difficulties. The purchase of half an acre of land, for instance, takes days, and sometimes even weeks: the discussion of the price is a serious matter, and must not be hurried; and when that is arranged, the process of securing a valid title is one requiring both time and money, and probably a journey to Haifa, and difficulties there involving backsheesh. If the value of the land is 10s., the time taken to buy it is at least as many days, and the incidental expenses perhaps as many more shillings. Everything included, however, the best arable land in Carmel costs on an average from 20s. to 30s. the acre; but there are thousands of acres on the mountain susceptible of cultivation which are now lying waste. These may be appropriated by any one who chooses to go to the expense of clearing, and of cultivating them for three consecutive years. He may then receive a title from the government, provided always he is already a landholder in the village within the limits of which the waste land lies.

I have found it impossible to obtain from the natives of Dahlieh any estimate of the extent of land, cleared and uncleared, within the village boundaries; but it probably does not fall far short of five thousand acres, of which they only cultivate about seven hundred. Of these, three hundred are in the plain of Esdraelon, and form the main source of the revenue of the village: the rest are on the mountain; and the uncleared land affords pasture for their cattle and goats, of which they have large herds. The government tax, which they are called upon to pay in cash upon this total, amounts to about £320 a year.

The substitution of yearly cash payments for the payment in kind of the tenth of their crops has only been introduced this year, and has produced consternation throughout the country. The villagers have never been in the habit of having any money of their own. They live largely by a system of barter, and the responsibility of their taxes has hitherto fallen upon the money-lenders of the nearest town, who farm the taxes from the government, and to whom the villagers pay a share, generally an exorbitant one, of their crops, which includes the government tenth. Now all this is changed; the villages have

been assessed at a very high rate to pay an annual sum in cash, and they know not which way to turn. The amount assessed is in most cases so excessive, that the money-lenders themselves are appalled at the prospect of lending the villagers the necessary sum, even at exorbitant rates of interest, taking the village itself as security, if their security is so heavily burdened with taxation that it may prove a white elephant on their hands. When the news was first promulgated this year, the sheikhs of all the villages in this part of Palestine united in a protest, and have sent deputations to the authorities to seek relief. But so far their efforts have been unavailing: those who refused the engagement for the payments were threatened with imprisonment if they did not sign it; and they have in most instances done so, though they are in despair at the prospect before them. In some cases they have succeeded in borrowing the money at thirty or forty per cent.; but this means handing themselves and their lands, body and soul, over to the extortionate money-lender, whom they will never be able to repay. In other cases, they are waiting in helpless misery to see what will turn up when the money is not forthcoming. But all unite in believing and hoping that practically it will be found so impossible to meet these new demands, that they will have to be abandoned by the government and a new scale substituted. The only fault, indeed, in the new system is, that in almost every instance the amount fixed has been too high. The substitution of a fixed assessment for the old farming system, which gave rise to so many abuses, is to be commended rather than otherwise; but unless the present scale is reduced, it would seem as though it would complete the ruin of the country. When I came to take up my summer abode in Dahlieh, I found the village in the throes of financial difficulties arising from this cause, which, however, I hope they will now succeed in tiding over.

Indeed these poor villagers seem always in a peck of troubles from one cause or another, and the appearance of a couple of *saptiehs* or rural police, a not uncommon occurrence, fills them with alarm. At one moment these gentry appear, to hurry them with the payment of their taxes; at another, to carry off some of their number as conscripts for the army; at another, to look for deserters: and the life of the secular sheikh, who is responsible at all points for his village, is no sinecure. The military grievance is perhaps the one they

feel the most, and yet it is difficult to see how it can be remedied.

The Druse nation is divided into three sections, of which by far the greatest inhabits the Jebel Druse, a mountainous and somewhat inaccessible district to the east of the Hauran, where the Turkish authority is little more than nominal, where no conscription is attempted to be forced, and the taxation is of the lightest. In fact, the Druses there, who are governed by one of their race appointed by the government, are practically independent. The rest of the nation inhabits the Lebanon, with the exception of these few villages in Galilee. The Lebanon Druses, who come under the international instrument known as the *Règlement du Liban*, are also free from conscription, excepting for militia service in their own country, and, like their neighbors the Maronites, enjoy the protection of the treaty powers. The small fraction in Palestine, so far from enjoying the privileges of their co-religionists in the Lebanon and Jebel Druse, are in a worse position than any of the fellaheen amongst whom they live, whether Christian or Moslem. The Christians are exempt from military service by virtue of their creed, besides enjoying the protection of the Church to which they belong, which, in its turn, is under the ægis either of France or Russia. The Moslems, though liable to conscription, are at any rate in religious sympathy with the government, and are more or less favored in consequence.

The Druses of Palestine have none of the privileges of the Christians or the advantages of the Moslems. They are regarded as a sort of pariah class, and despised as infidels by both. Hence they are robbed with impunity by their Moslem neighbors, oppressed without possibility of redress by the authorities, as being too unbelieving in matters of religion to be deserving of any one's sympathy; while their denial of the true faith does not protect them, as it does the Christians, from being called upon to serve as soldiers. The consequence is, that there is weeping and wailing every year in some eighteen or twenty villages which are in this exceptional position, when some of their young men are drafted off for service, which arises not merely from the grief of immediate separation, but from the anticipation of future trouble; for, in nine cases out of ten, not a year elapses before these recruits find opportunities of deserting, and seek their refuge in the Jebel Druse, where pursuit

by the Turkish authorities is impossible. As infidels, they find existence in a Moslem army intolerable, especially when they can win their liberty so easily by escaping to their co-religionists beyond the Hauran. Their desertion is the certain prelude to a visit by the zaptiehs to the village from which they were conscripted, and it thus becomes liable to a contribution, the amount of which depends more or less upon the good pleasure of the head of the police. The unhappy family to which the deserter belongs lives for the future under a constant financial pressure, thus dearly paying for the liberty which the defaulting member has purchased at their expense. It seems at first sight hard that the Druses of these few villages should not be put upon the same footing as the Christians, or their more fortunate kinsmen in the Hauran and Lebanon. But this would introduce a precedent which the government very naturally refuses to establish, as it would apply equally to the Metawalies, the Ansaryii, the Ismailians, and other non-Moslem sects in the empire, which also are not Christian; and it would give rise to great dissatisfaction among the Moslems, who would refuse to see the expediency or justice of exempting infidels of this category from the conscription to which they were themselves liable. So great is the horror of military service among these people, that a few days ago a man who had just been drawn as a conscript came to me and offered to bind himself to my service for five years in any part of the world if I would purchase his discharge; and when, after satisfying myself as to the character of the man, I accepted his offer, his gratitude, and that of his family, was unbounded. This reluctance to serve is not because they are bad fighters — the experience of the Turks in their numerous conflicts with the Druses proves the contrary — but because they object to being specially selected by the officers to be placed in the front of battle, as having less valuable lives than the Moslems, and because they have to endure so much petty persecution at the hands of their comrades in the army; at least this is the explanation given by themselves.

The behavior of the zaptiehs when they visit these villages is often harsh and tyrannical in the extreme. They quarter themselves in the houses of the inhabitants, who are obliged to keep them and their horses free of charge as long as they choose to remain, and to submit to their overbearing conduct without remon-

strance. On one occasion, when a sergeant and two men were at the village, a man came to me with his breast bleeding with blows which he had received from one of the men. I was listening to his tale, when my servant appeared, white, or rather amber-colored, from indignation. He had protested against a *zaptieh* — the same *zaptieh* who had struck the man — watering his horse at a trough filled with water drawn especially for my horses, and had also been beaten. I at once sought out the offender, and in the heat of the moment paid him back in his own coin. The sergeant then came up, and, afraid of the consequences, sought to propitiate me. After making the man stand in the sun for an hour in the presence of the villagers, I finally agreed not to make a formal complaint to his superior officer at Haifa, on condition of his apologizing publicly to the man he had struck, as well as to my servant, which he did with a great show of humility.

Besides events of this public nature, there are others of a more private character, which serve to relieve the monotony of life in a Druse village. The other day, aroused by a violent uproar, I went into the street, and found a handsome young fellow, one of the sheikh's sons, surrounded by a *posse* of screaming women, whose abuse drove him to such a frenzy of rage that he seized a huge stone and would have hurled it at them, had not his father, whom I was in the act of questioning as to the cause of the tumult, rushed to the rescue. With great difficulty he succeeded in quelling the disturbance. Meantime I observed with surprise the young man's wife, a remarkably pretty young woman, whom he had presented to me the day before, standing in a verandah, apparently quite unconcerned at the excitement which was raging against her husband, leaning against a post, with her baby in her arms. She looked on, and smiled languidly. I said to a man standing near, —

"What is all the row about? At any rate, the wife does not seem to take much interest in it."

"What would be the use?" he replied. "He has just divorced her, and all the women are abusing him for it. His father is angry with him too, for she is his niece, and his own first cousin, and it brings discredit on the family."

"Then why does he do it?" I asked. "She is a very pretty young woman, and he seemed to have no such intention yesterday when he introduced me to her as his wife."

"Oh yes, he had. He has been planning for it for some time, only he could not find an excuse. I suppose he has made one now. He is in love with another woman, whom he wishes to marry."

Then I saw the baby put into the cradle, which a man took up, followed by the wife still smiling, and by the mother-in-law raging, and by the sheikh sullen and dignified, and they marched off to the mother-in-law's house, which was henceforth to be the house of the discarded wife, who thus promptly evacuated her husband's premises "bag and baggage," to make room for her successor. Shortly after, the sheikh reappeared, wrote out a paper — which I afterwards heard was a paper of divorce — and proceeding to the mother-in-law's house, followed by a mixed crowd of men and women, solemnly read the document, and the separation became a *fait accompli*. From this example, and from what I have been able to gather, I incline to the opinion that Druse women have no hearts where love affairs are concerned, though they seem to have strong maternal instincts. However, I have not been long enough among them to be able to pronounce upon this point definitely. The sheikh himself is not immaculate in respect of proceedings of this nature; but his conduct is shrouded in mystery, which I have not completely solved. It was brought to my notice in this manner. A few mornings ago my servant came to tell me that a young man wanted to see me in the kitchen. I went there, and found a youth of two or three and twenty hanging on to the kitchen table as if it were the horns of the altar. Near him was an elderly woman weeping, with whose aspect I was familiar, though I had never asked her name. To my astonishment, I was now informed, for the first time, that she was the sheikh's wife. In all my intercourse with that worthy, although I had several times dined and once even slept in his house, I had never so much as heard of her existence, but had always been waited upon by his daughter. Now it appeared that she was his second wife, that she did not live in his house, that she had had children by a former marriage, that the young man before me was one of them, that an incident had taken place the preceding night which had rendered the young man obnoxious to the sheikh's sons by his first wife, that his life was in danger, and that he had fled to me for protection.

At this point the spiritual sheikh appeared, — his son had married a daugh-

ter of the old lady's, and sister to the young man. I took him into the *liwan*, and requested him, in Scotch law parlance, to "condescend" upon particulars. As far as I could make out, the temporal sheikh's sons were jealous of their step-brothers, and especially of this one, who made too free of his step-father's house, and they had brought against him a baseless accusation. Pressed to define this, he said that the night before the young man had lost his cow, and that he had searched for her everywhere, and, among other places, on the top of the house of the sheikh's brother, which was, in fact, the bedroom of the young wife of that worthy, — and that there he had been found and soundly thrashed by the irate husband and his nephews, the sheikh's sons, who had also taken the opportunity of thrashing their step-mother. I suggested that cows did not usually roost on the tops of houses, and that the suspicions of the jealous sons and their no less jealous uncle might be well founded. This the spiritual sheikh, whose sympathies were all with his daughter-in-law's family, denied. At all events, he said that the sheikh's sons had sworn to have the young man's life, that in their present frame of mind they were sure to keep their word, and that his only safety was to remain in my kitchen. Unfortunately the temporal sheikh was absent, so I sent for his sons; but they declined to come, sending word that they felt ashamed. Next day the sheikh appeared, I represented to him the impossibility of my boarding and lodging his step-son indefinitely, and asked him whether he could not protect him. He said he could as long as he himself was in the village, but not during his absence. I suggested sending the culprit off to the Hauran. He said that in that case his wife, the youth's mother, would follow her son. As he seemed to speak of this contingency with regret, I suggested that she should be sent for to meet her husband in my house, and a reconciliation should be effected. He said he desired nothing more. So I sent for the old lady, but she declined to come. I now began to feel that I was getting so deeply immersed in Druse domestic relations, that I was becoming confused by them. But there was the lad still in the kitchen, and his blood-thirsty step-brothers outside, and something had to be done. Finally, the sheikh said that he thought that if the young man went to stay with a Christian of my acquaintance at Esfia he would be safe, and he himself would not be heart-broken

if his mother chose to follow him there, and that when the storm blew over he could come back. So he was packed off to Esfia. The mother did not follow him, but, for some reason best known to herself, remained in hiding for some days. Whenever I asked where she was, I was told vaguely "in the woods." When she did reappear, she took up her abode with the spiritual sheikh, and is always very glad to come and do a day's work for me — drying figs, making mud plaster, and so forth — whenever I can provide her with work. Meanwhile, the sheikh her husband comes and calls, and sips his coffee, and complacently regards his better half thus earning her living by drudgery without honoring her with his notice. He has a grown-up daughter by this wife, to whom he seems much attached, and who appears to divide her affections with great impartiality between her estranged parents. What puzzles me is — but I have not ventured to ask the question — why, with divorce so easy, they continue to live on these terms. The old spiritual sheikh, who is a most venerable and charming old man, though not without his faults, was not deterred in early life from following the prevailing custom; he had also divorced his wife; and her successor is what would be called in America the "boss" woman of the village. No tones so shrill, no language so abusive, no energy so indomitable as hers; she is the head and front of every row, and was especially active in behalf of her daughter-in-law's family. But she has a warm heart and generous nature, and is untiring in her efforts to render me some service in return for the one I rendered her in saving her son from the conscription, and indeed, if I would only let her, would gladly undertake the management of my whole household, and slave herself to death, without any other recompense than that which she would derive from the constant exercise of authority. During the first weeks of my residence here, she and her whole family invaded my back premises to that extent that I was obliged to place restrictions on their visiting, or rather trespassing, propensities. Still the whole village seems to consider the place common property. They take a great pride and interest in all our little efforts at beautification and landscape gardening, being much puzzled and struck thereby; and whenever they receive visits from the sheikhs of neighboring villages, which is happening constantly, they are instantly brought to see me, and if I am

absent, shown over the place by one or other of the village notables, who are much flattered and gratified by their *ma-shallahs*, and other expressions of surprise and delight as they think how their guests will return to their own village and expatiate on the wonders they have seen. It must not be supposed that they have seen anything but a very modest abode; still it has some of the marks of civilization about it, and to these unsophisticated people they are indications of great grandeur. What astonishes the women most is, that my wife does not go down to the well twice a day for water with a jar on her head, nor does she make *barbarica*, or mud plaster, or climb into the fig-trees to pick the fruit, or bake the bread, or indeed perform any of the whole duties of woman. This apparent indifference to all ordinary feminine avocations is a never-ending source of envy and surprise, which is increased by the still more incomprehensible fact that she occupies herself largely in studying Arabic, painting in oils, and doctoring the inhabitants. At first they somewhat mistrusted her skill in this particular; but she has been so successful in her practice, having indeed elsewhere had a pretty extensive medical experience, that her fame is spreading to an inconvenient extent, and every morning now sees a group of patients waiting to be treated. Practice here, however, presents difficulties unknown to the medical profession in more civilized countries. It is impossible to have any instructions carried out, partly from prejudice, partly from stupidity, and partly from ignorance. The patient who requires fresh air and quiet, always lies in the one public room, surrounded by a crowd of waiting-women if his disease is serious. The people have no idea of time, excepting with reference to distance. If you ask them if they know what an hour is, they say it is as far as from here to Esfia. Hence it is hopeless to prescribe doses to be given at intervals, excepting sunrise and sunset. All periods of time are uncertain. In the summer, fevers are prevalent, because nearly the whole of the population moves down to the cabins on the plain of Esdraelon, where the village owns about three hundred acres, the crops on which they have to get in and thrash. These mud huts are only inhabited during the two or three summer months, but they are the most feverish of the year. Otherwise there is very little sickness in Dahlieh, the climate of which is both healthy and agreeable all the year round.

Accidents and wounds are, however, common, which often terminate fatally owing to the absence of surgical assistance. My curiosity was one day excited by the perpetually tearful condition of an old woman, apparently in the extreme of poverty. Upon making inquiries in regard to her circumstances, I found that she had been entirely dependent for support upon an only son. This young man was noted among his companions for his strength, and being not long since on his way to the neighboring village of the Umm-es-Zeinat with a donkey-load of grapes and figs, was waylaid by three of the Umm-es-Zeinat men. Being armed with a heavy club, he succeeded in keeping these at bay. They were, however, joined by four others; and after a severe struggle, during which he put several *hors de combat*, he was himself disabled by a bullet from a rifle which one of his assailants carried. They then left him, supposing him to be dead; but he succeeded in crawling home several miles, and lingered for ten days before he died. From what I can make out, it is probable that, had he been properly attended to, his life might have been saved. As he was well acquainted with his murderers, who were all members of the sheikh of Umm-es-Zeinat's family, he denounced them to the authorities, and they were arrested and imprisoned, but, after a short confinement, were released on the payment of the necessary backsheesh. The old woman now wishes me to take up her case, and insist upon the punishment of the culprits; and I find that it will be possible to obtain her a pecuniary compensation for her loss. This, in spite of her destitute circumstances, she indignantly refuses, vengeance being sweeter to her than cash. But this could only be obtained by a very considerable expenditure of money, and the incurring of much unnecessary hostility; so I have compromised the matter by finding her employment.

There is, indeed, a curious mixture of security and insecurity of life and property in this country. I sleep every night with all the doors and windows of the house wide open, but twice during the night we have found that thieves have been stealing the leaves from the tobacco in the field which joins it behind, and grapes from the vineyard only fifty yards off in front; but they would never dare to push their depredations into the house. I don't feel so certain about the horses, which are tethered in a shed at the back, especially after an incident which occurred

a few days since, only about five miles from here. A German colonist was driving his team by night from Haifa to Nazareth, when a Circassian passed him on horseback and gave him the usual salutation; he then whistled, and turned sharply back, two other Circassians appearing simultaneously from an ambush near the road, where they had been hiding. The German, who was an old soldier, scenting mischief, drew his revolver as the Circassians at the same moment sprang from their animals and seized his horses' heads. Jumping from the box, the German rushed to grapple with them, when he was dealt a heavy blow by one of them, with whom he was soon engaged in a severe struggle, while the others were cutting the traces of the horses. Observing that his assailant had drawn a knife, he saw that no time was to be lost, and firing a revolver, dropped him on the spot. The two others now set upon him; and firing again, he wounded one of them. A fourth then came up; but instead of attacking the German, the two Circassians succeeded in placing their wounded comrades on their horses under the fire of his remaining barrels, and galloped away. From the report of a villager with whom they had passed the night, it was afterwards found that one Circassian had been killed outright, one severely and one slightly wounded. Having thus disposed of his assailants, the German, with characteristic phlegm, patched up his harness, and with a very sore and bruised body proceeded on his journey to Nazareth. Since this episode I have decided to build a stable in which to keep the horses under lock and key. Were it not for the Circassians, this would not be necessary, so far as the native fellahen are concerned; but the Circassians are inveterate horse-stealers, and there is a colony of them which has been recently established about fifteen miles distant. No doubt there are parts of the country which are less safe than others; but I have been in the habit of riding about Carmel at all hours alone, and have never observed any symptom of danger—indeed it is very rare, even in the course of a ride to Haifa, to meet a living soul on the sparsely inhabited mountain.

It is only to be expected that, in a district and amid a population which have been so much neglected, there is plenty to be done. The difficulty is, to know where to begin, and how to set about it. The obstacles in the way of progress are mainly from the government, and not, as might be supposed, from the prejudices of

the inhabitants themselves. The Druses are especially eager for improvement. Their first inquiry was, whether it would not be possible for me to help them to make a wagon-road to the plain, which would enable them to carry manure to their fields, and their produce to Haifa. They are the first villagers I have met who seem to have any idea of the use of manure for agricultural purposes. Then they expressed a great desire to have a school, as the village was destitute of all means of education. With some kind missionary assistance, I have succeeded in meeting their wishes in this respect. The village furnishes the schoolmaster with board and lodging free, and has set apart a house for school purposes. The master's salary is supplied from other sources. He teaches the Arabic and English languages, besides other elementary branches of knowledge; and the attendance of boys already exceeds fifty, although the school is not a month old, and, as soon as the pressure of agricultural work is over, will be largely increased. About twenty girls have also applied for admission. The neighboring villagers are also making efforts to send their boys, though the distances to be traversed every day involve journeys of from two to three hours. It is a pity that any attempt at the amelioration of the condition of the people, however harmless, should have a tendency to arouse official suspicion. Some deep political design is supposed to lie behind a school; the improving of a mountain path with a view to making it available for agricultural purposes, may mean the commencement of a military road preparatory to the invasion of the country by a hostile army; and an innocent little bath-house which I put up on the beach, was gravely suspected of being the beginning of a fortification. As for the purchase of land, that, although legally and internationally his right, is virtually almost prohibited to the foreigner, and at present can only be accomplished on a very small scale. This is the more trying when one rides over thousands of acres of fine arable land, only waiting for the application of capital and industry to be made to yield rich returns. The crops on Mount Carmel itself are almost limited to wheat and a little barley, and a species of vetch: near the two villages there is a little sesame and tobacco, with olive-groves, gardens, and vineyards. There is probably no better locality anywhere for vines, as the ancient terraces show, and the very name of the

mountain indicates. But under native culture the vines are allowed to sprawl over the ground at will: the consequence is, that the grapes get wasted on the hot stones by day and chilled by the night dews, and one-third of the crop is lost unless they are picked prematurely. They are, moreover, much attacked by the jackals at night. These animals have a passion for grapes; and in every vineyard is a leaf hut, in which the proprietor or one of his family watches all night with their dogs, beating old petroleum-tins, or playing on their scarcely less discordant pipes, to scare away thieves, whether of four legs or two. I had always supposed till now that Æsop had endowed his fox with an unnatural taste when he hankered after sweet grapes as an article of diet; but jackals seem to be not so particular as foxes, for they eat the grapes when they are decidedly sour. The natives of Dahlieh rarely ever carry their grapes to market as far as Haifa, but send them to Tireh, a village about seven miles off, where there is a grove of thirty thousand olive-trees, and exchange their grapes for olive-oil or carobs. The system of barter, indeed, enters largely into the habits of these simple people: they exchange their bees-wax for soap, their grain for pottery jars and other household utensils that they cannot make, and the fruits and produce they grow for those of various kinds which they need. As their wants are limited, their system of agriculture primitive, their natural tendencies indolent, and the taxes of the government are oppressive, they lack the inducements to enterprise which under other circumstances would stimulate their energies. Indeed, considering the discouraging conditions under which existence is maintained, it is wonderful how light-hearted and cheerful these poor peasants are. I am speaking now of the Druses, of whom alone I have had experience. They have their religious festivals, which usually take the form of picnics, generally to some sacred spot or the shrine of a venerated saint. Sometimes it is to the cave of Elijah, situated below the Carmelite Monastery; sometimes to the Mukrakha, or place of his sacrifice; at others to some still more distant locality. I have upon two occasions accepted invitations to join in these festivals — once at the Mukrakha, and once at the Neby Schaib, supposed to be the burial-place of Jethro, the father-in-law of Moses, near the village of Hattin, distant from here a good day's journey. The first was a local affair, in which nearly

the whole village took part, — the women and girls starting at a very early hour in the morning on foot and donkey-back, clad in gala costume; the men following later — the sheikhs and village notables, to the number of about twenty, being mounted, and preceded by a band of youths on foot chanting their songs of love and war. Whenever we reach an open, level, tempting space, the horsemen dash to and fro with their mock jereed-playing, and the young men fire their guns; and so we march for an hour till we reach our destination, where the young women have already assembled, and are beginning to form in dancing circles. The young men lose no time in following their example. The old women sit and gossip under the shade of such small trees as they can find, apart from the elder men, who spread their mats in the most eligible spots, and sip their coffee, and discuss their political, religious, or financial concerns.

The Carmelite monks have, within the last year, built a chapel on the place of Elijah's sacrifice; but as none of them live there, it is left under the charge of a Druse family of Dahlieh. As he has the keys, he opens it freely to his coreligionists, who troop in, the females gazing open-mouthed at the ornaments on the altar; and then they finally betake themselves to the flat roof, and finding it in the highest degree available for dancing purposes, they form their terpsichorean circles on its smooth surface. I wondered, as I gazed on these groups of lively performers, whether the roof of a Roman Catholic chapel had ever been put to such a use before.

The dances, which are somewhat monotonous, and always in the highest degree proper, consist of circles of dancers, either male or female, who clasp each other by their girdles, moving round in measured step. In the centre of the girls' circle, one or two of their number wave handkerchiefs or scarves above their heads, and keep time to the music, which consists of chanting, hand-clapping, and sometimes pipes; while the men in the centre of the men's circle flourish swords. Throughout the day's entertainment, the two sexes keep carefully apart, which, considering the exceptional beauty of the Druse girls of Dahlieh, must be rather trying to the young men of that village.

The costume of the women, who in this part of the country make no attempt to conceal their generally pretty faces, is eminently becoming, and consists of a loose outer garment or sort of cloak, of

a rich color, linen or woollen, open all down the front so as to display the whole under-dress, with light sleeves, cut above the elbow, the whole trimmed with either wide bands of reddish satin, or with a rich cross-stitch embroidery of silk. The unsightliness of the bagging trousers of dark blue is lost under the long, semi-transparent chemise, which falls over them so as nearly to cover them as a white tunic, generally striped with thicker white, and tastefully embroidered with silk round the neck. The white sleeves of the chemise, widely pointed, and which flow about the forearm after escaping from the short cloak sleeve, form a simple but very graceful feature of this costume, whether they float freely or are twisted for convenience in work about the elbow. Scarves of various bright colors are wound about the waist, and the cloak is usually caught together below the bosom, giving that double girdle often presented in ancient classical costume. The simple long white cloth, with the centre of one edge drawn low upon the forehead, its two ends hanging down the back almost to the heels, bound fast by a wide fillet of brilliant color tied round the head, completes very attractively, with its ancient Egyptian appearance, this simple but highly characteristic dress, which is enhanced by necklaces and bangles, according to the rank and position of the wearer.

I had the best opportunity of observing all these particulars on the occasion of my trip to the Neby Schaib, in company with the pilgrimage of Dahlieh Druses to that venerated shrine. Here were gathered the sheikhs and the most important representatives of some twelve or fourteen villages, each sheikh arriving like some feudal chief of old, surrounded by his clansmen singing and firing, and by women screaming. I remained encamped there three days, during which the festival lasted, and gained an insight into Druse religious observances and national manners which is not often enjoyed by an outsider. The shrine was most picturesquely situated in a narrow rocky gorge, and consisted of a lofty, dome-shaped building, the upper chamber of which is about seventy feet long by forty wide, and contains the tomb of the prophet, enclosed in a wooden screen hung with red cloth, while over the tomb itself was spread a sort of green silk pall embroidered with gold stars. Some of the Druse sheikhs who accompanied me, reverently pressed their lips to this. They then pointed out a square block of limestone, in the centre

of which was a piece of alabaster containing the imprint of a human foot of natural size. The toes were not defined, but the impression was so distinct, that it was easy to understand why it should have seized hold of the popular imagination. It was of course believed to be the footprint of the prophet, and the Druses said that it exuded a perpetual moisture, which, however, I failed to perceive. In curious contrast to these sacred objects was the scene which was taking place in the venerated chamber that contained them. When I visited it, it was being used as the ladies' dining-room, and was crowded with a laughing, chattering, feeding feminine multitude, with their glorious eyes, white, regular teeth, bewitching smiles, and delicate fingers plunged up to the knuckles into huge piles of greasy rice. On the terraces and in the court below men were dancing; while the sheikhs and *ukkul*, or initiated into the holy mysteries, who despise all such frivolities which are permitted to the youth of both sexes, were seated in a solemn circle apart, discussing either religion or the political questions affecting the interests of their nation,—most probably the latter, for there can be no doubt that they utilize these pious gatherings for secular purposes—the exclusive character of their religion, and the secrecy which surrounds it, enabling them to organize in a special manner, while the theocratic element which enters into their political constitution gives them a power for combined action which the Christian sects, with their jealousies, bigotry, and internal dissensions, do not enjoy.

Soon after sunset the uproar died away, the elders wished me good-night, and silently trooped up-stairs to the great hall, whence issued the younger part of the female community, and I retired to the door of my tent, to sit in the bright moonlight and contemplate the strange surroundings of my night quarters.

Soon there broke upon the stillness of the night the measured cadence of a sacred chant. Now it swelled, as numerous voices, male and female, took up the chorus; now it died away to a single voice. Not often before, probably, had a stranger been able to listen so closely to the tones and rhythmical sounds which characterize the mysterious and occult worship of the Druses. It differs from all other religions in this, that they address no prayers or invocations to the Deity, and from most Oriental religions, that the women take part in some of their cere-

monies. Not in all, however, for upon the following night the women were excluded. Throughout the greater part of two consecutive nights, to my certain knowledge, did these services last; though, as I fell asleep, on each occasion, towards morning, I cannot precisely say at what hour they were concluded.

It will be seen from this narrative of some of my experiences of life in a Druse village in the most romantic and historical mountain in Palestine, that it is one's own fault if it is dull or monotonous, and that, for those who are not afraid of making interests for themselves, while they become identified with those by which they are surrounded, it is not without its responsibilities and its charm.

From Chambers' Journal.
MY IRISH CORRESPONDENTS.

BY AN AGENT.

It is a very true saying that there are "bad and good" people in the world; it may equally be applied to the Irish tenants in the present days of "Land-league-ism." I am an agent, and, with the few exceptions proving the rule, I have never met with incivility. My correspondence is very large, and some of the letters I have received from tenants are so amusing, that from time to time I have laid a choice one by. Indeed, so amusing are they, that I have decided on sending a few to the press, just to show that there still remain a few genuine, honest Irishmen in the world, though for obvious reasons I have suppressed the real names of the writers or people referred to in them. The following letter I received in acknowledgment of some eye ointment I sent to a poor tenant who was suffering from a sore eye:—

January, 1882.

My worthy gentle Man its time to Retourne you thanks For your Comppilements ixtuse Me I Address this to you My worthy gentle Man For I Cante Retourne you thanks for your kindness and the illement Dun me the greatest sarvice and My ies is all Right now and My Friend the Docter is more than thanful to you My worthy gentil Man for your Cindness and i saw a man from your place I inquare About you and he toalt me you Ware ill a long time and i Felt very sad intirely at the news so I must Conclude with my best Respected toars you Captin pleas let me Now how you are and all the famely and

aspically about Miss Cusey For she was the ondel one as i new so pleas my worthy gentil Man sind me a anser by retourne of poste to Michael S. of G—.

The next letter I shall give is from a tenant asking me to vote for a cousin of his, who was anxious to obtain the post of relieving officer for the Union in another county. The way he words his request amused me by its *naïveté*:—

September, 1879.

CAPTIN

SIR I Beg a favour from ye i now ye ar aquanted with Mister — their is a zond Cusin of Mine Proposing as Candadate for Relevin officership for M— Union i Beg of ye Sir to write Letter an till him to vote for My Cusin John or any other gentlemen you ar enfluenced i now thrust that your Honour will do all in yer power for to Canvas all you can for me as well as if it were meself were goin for it i will give u all the Kredit that the world can aford If you use Half yer enfluence for me your faithful servant Pat —.

Pleas sind me Sir an anser to say what *you are to do* I recived 2 receipts with thanks.

No more at prisent — Tusday.

The following letter, too, is decidedly characteristic in the request it contains:—

CAPTIN

I sint you 28£ no shillins an nine pinse yesterday I inclose poor rate rept I got the first instalment of the Loan I am very thankfull intirely to you Captin that you may live long an die happye I remain your obdient TIMOTHY B—.

pleas see the other side.

Sir I made a mistak yesterday I inclose Eighten stamps Captin pleas mak a *good job of me* sind me what anser you like Yours agin TIMOTHY B—.

I suppose I must have made a good job of my friend Timothy, for we still correspond in the most affectionate manner; in fact, I heard from him about a week ago.

DEAR CAPTIN

I was decaved by that frind of mione as I towld you of Captin I inclos for you a Bank Draft for £30 one shillin an Six pinse if you dear Captin insist on the rest you muste git it Captin dont forgit me as usual I remain Your fond TIMOTHY B—.

What comment can I make on the following letter, beyond saying Mary had my

deepest sympathy, and Mr. Jerry Deneen a reprimand on his dilatoriness?

Written Thursday 18 hundred an 76.

SIR my husband was very bad an died this tiome Sir I ave ben sodly put aboute by wan Jerry Deneen as behaved shameful to my poor husband Sir this was ow it hapned Tim thats my husband Sir was mioghty il an as near dyin as iver you Cee Tim says i an whoo wud ye loike to mak yer coffin sure thin Mary says he theirs kno wan as i wud loike to mak it bether thin Jerry Deneen only he is mioghty behinde hande in his contracts arrah Tim says I Sir mak yer minde aisey bout that for he is shure an sartin to finis the loikes o that in dacent tiome now Sir my poore husband the lord ave Marcy on his sowl had to waite for an other nites wake for that Jerry Deneen bad cess to him niver finised the dacent mans coffin in tiome now Sir I lave the mater in yer honers handes hopin as you will punis that vilan as want to charg me fiften shillin an he to kep my poor husband watin 2 bleshet nites for his coffin.

Yours to comande MARY C—.

honored an kinde Sir may I thrust u to punis that divil Deneen.

A somewhat similar, and I might add amusing, instance happened not long ago when a tenant's wife died. It was on a Saturday night, I remember, and I did not hear of her death until Sunday. I then sent to my carpenter, and desired him to make a coffin for the remains. Next morning, on looking out of the window I saw her sons carrying the coffin from the workshop. I opened the window, and called to them to wait till I satisfied myself that it was a good one. On desiring them to lift off the cover, what was my astonishment to see the coffin filled with turnips! Passing by the turnip-pit, the bearers could not resist taking a few, for—as they explained—"it felt so mioghty empty!"

Can any one wonder if I modestly blushed on perusing the following masterpiece of penmanship?—

HOND. SIR

I most respectfully beg to remind you that in a conversation with you you kindly promised to vote for a License for my sister Hoping your Honr will act with that noble spirit for which you are now so characteristic in obtaining a License for

this poor orphan. I remain with due respect Your humble servant WILLIAM S—.

My noble spirit could not resist so charming a compliment, and I helped to obtain the license for another kind of "spirit," thereby making glad the heart of the poor orphan.

Here is another letter in which my friend Dan says "he'd walk from here to Cork" for me, and a very long walk it would be.

SIR

Ye ought for to consider an alow that my Pashion of Jalousy could not afford me but to spake presumptuous I used all manes I could to pay my rint by givin my bill to Bank and met it Honorable for it was in my Hearth an minde if ye wanted me to walk from here to Cork I wud not refus I have no more news but hoping that £1.5 may be worth £100 an wishin prosperity to ye an yer Famely your faithful servant DANIEL M—.

Its two empirtnant intirely for me to irect a letter from ye Sir kno more at the prisent.

The next and last letter I will give you to read is from a tenant who buys turkeys each year for a friend of mine. The present ones seem to have been damaging the farmer's crops.

SEPTEMBER Friday
1884.

I hope this will find you in as gud healt as it laves me at the presint thank God Sind for the turkies at onst they ave the oats that flat I have boght ye 16 couple an a halve Captin at 4 shillins an nine pinse for too i gav wan shillin *arnest** minde that sind me a payhin I dont want a black payhin nor naither a white I wants a speckled wan sind for them turkies an welcome at wanst shurely i remain Sir Yours thruly TOM MCG—.

them turkies ar small an fat an hav grate legs.

I have, I think, given sufficient reason to show that wit and honesty may still be found in dear old Ireland, and trust the perusal of these simple letters will afford amusement—though not in derision—to the reader.

* "Earnest" is money advanced when a bargain is made, to insure there being no disappointment in the fulfilment of it.